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THE

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OF

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PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE returns which have been furnished to the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. BAINES, in order to show the effect of reducing the qualification in the present Parliamentary boroughs, contain nothing whatever to cause alarm, and nothing to modify the opinions which were previously entertained on the more general questions which the prospect of a Reform Bill suggests. The details as to particular boroughs are curious, and often not such as any one, unless intimately acquainted with the locality, could have anticipated. But the broader results leave us where we were, or, if they have any effect, tend to show that the reduction of the qualification from 10*l.* to 6*l.* would have less effect than was supposed. The three principal deductions from these returns are, that this alteration would increase the existing total electoral body of England and Wales by rather less than one half, that the increase would be felt with much the greatest force in a certain number of large towns, and that a mere reduction of the qualification would make scarcely any difference in the little boroughs. This leaves us very much where we were. A great many large towns, where the artisans chiefly reside whose exclusion from the franchise is a main ground of the new Reform Bill, will have constituencies so much enlarged that these artisans will almost all have votes; and thus a main object of Reform will be answered by a reduction of the qualification. On the other hand, the character of the small boroughs will not be changed, and therefore a redistribution of seats is quite as obviously necessary as it ever was. The small boroughs would indeed be, if possible, made worse by a mere reduction of the qualification, for it would add a fraction to the electoral list too small to introduce new interests or opinions, and composed of men still more open to beer, bribery, and bullying than the present electors. These returns make it indisputable that a mere reduction of the franchise would be only half a measure. The constituency of Liverpool would be raised from 40,000 to 60,000, that of Birmingham from under 20,000 to over 40,000, that of Manchester from 27,000 to 47,000, that of Sheffield from 10,000 to 25,000, that of Bradford from 6,000 to 13,000, and that of Portsmouth about as much, while Oldham would have 10,000 instead of 3,000 voters. But it would only be some large boroughs that would have a greatly increased constituency. In Marylebone, Finsbury, Westminster, the City, Greenwich, Brighton, Norwich, Devonport, Plymouth, Birkenhead, Southampton, Bath, there would be scarcely any increase at all. There would be a large increase in the total electoral body, but the increase would only affect a comparatively few places. Practically, the large towns of the North would, to a great extent, be under the control of persons working for weekly wages; but persons working at weekly wages would not control a large number of the constituencies.

This appears to us a good and satisfactory result. It would be arrived at by a sort of haphazard. There is no principle or fairness or symmetry in applying to all boroughs a system of reduction which affects different boroughs so differently. But this accidental consequence is by no means a bad one. The constituencies which the opinions of artisans, supposing them to have any unanimity of opinion, will influence will be tolerably numerous and very important, but they will not be a very large proportion of the whole aggregate of boroughs. The creation of a lodger franchise might make a difference which, without statistics, it is difficult to appreciate; and until we have those statistics it is not worth while to indulge in vague speculation. We have nothing at present to go by but these returns of a 6*l.* as compared with a 10*l.* rental qualification; and they show that the reduction would, on the whole, effect a considerable political object in a manner that would be not unsafe and not inadequate, although very accidental and un-

scientific. No impartial person who set out with the wish to admit a large body of working-men in towns to the franchise, but not to allow them to be the predominant class in the whole electoral body, can deny that the result is shown by these returns to be attainable more or less satisfactorily by the reduction of the rental qualification to 6*l.* There are many constituencies which would be accidentally affected more than in fairness to them, according to their place on the scale of constituencies, is theoretically desirable. Dudley and Derby, for example, come one after the other in the list, and each has a population somewhat over 40,000; and yet, while in round numbers one thousand would be added to the constituency of Derby, two thousand would be added to that of Dudley. There is no defending this; there is no reason or principle or method in it. But as no one has got a methodical sensible scheme that can be applied to the whole country, and is comprehensible, it is worth remarking that the apparent results of so indefensible and unmethodical a system as a mere reduction of the rental qualification promise to give us very much what we want, so far as the admission of a large, but not overwhelming, body of the working-classes is the measure of our wants.

It is very remarkable how absolutely a reduction of the qualification to 6*l.* would fail to correct any of the abuses of the smaller boroughs. The addition to the electoral roll would be in most instances exceedingly slight, and only a very slight knowledge of the social structure of small towns in agricultural districts is needed to prove that this slight addition would be of a very bad quality. Let us take a few instances. Petersfield has 350 electors now; with a 6*l.* rental qualification it would have 423; Calne has 190, and would have 286; Tewkesbury has 413, and would have 532; Honiton has 254, and would have 323; Totnes has 516, and would have 589. Such boroughs would obviously retain exactly their present character, and the only difference would be that a small additional fraction would be actively demoralized, instead of being, as at present, merely passively demoralized by the sight of the profitable iniquities on which the ten-pound householders thrive. If 400 or 450 tiny country shopkeepers are bribed or bullied, to add fifty or sixty still tinier shopkeepers or labourers to the list cannot purify or improve the constituency. But it would improve the constituency very much if four or five neighbouring small towns were admitted to share the franchise. The gain would not be that any provision would thus be made for the representation of working-men. To effect this is not the object of increasing the area of small constituencies. If in each of four small towns all, or almost all, the electors were in a rank not below that of small shopkeepers, the class of persons represented would not be altered by throwing the four towns into one constituency. A constituency of four small towns would be a constituency of small shopkeepers, but it would be a better constituency of small shopkeepers than any of the component towns taken singly could be. For, in the first place, the aggregate of towns would represent a large variety of interests; and, secondly, each town would keep a watch and act as a check on the others. Sometimes a great owner of property might have influence in all these towns, but that could not happen always, and even when it did happen there would be certain to be in some town a sufficient minority to make the great man exercise his influence in a way that was not wholly disreputable. There would also be less bribery, for it is more difficult to carry on the secret organization which bribery requires in many places than it is in one. And there would probably be more decency and order at the time of election. County elections are generally much more orderly than borough elections, because, the votes being given at many places, at a considerable distance from each other, there is far less excitement at each place, and far less temptation to effect a glorious electioneering *coup de main* towards the close of

the poll by hustling and trampling down timid and invalid electors. The great national gain to be derived from putting an end to the more flagrant scandals of elections in small boroughs—scandals to the disgrace of which nothing but inveterate habit and old practice could reconcile honourable men—ought to induce any Ministry that was worthy of its position to insist on the enlargement of the area of small constituencies as an indispensable part of the Reform Bill, even if the proposal were likely to encounter a serious opposition. But there is no reason to suppose that the opposition it would encounter would be more serious than is certain to be offered to every part of a Reform Bill that is worth the trouble of carrying. The Conservatives have no more to lose by the improvement of small constituencies than the Whigs have; and all that they can reasonably ask is that a Whig Ministry shall not so arrange the grouping of towns as to favour their own party unfairly. It is obvious that, if they wished or dared to be unfair, those who had the arrangement of the grouping might easily group towns so as to make things a great deal too pleasant for themselves and their friends.

The same remark may be applied to the redistribution of seats, which is a necessary part of a satisfactory measure of Reform. However much the smaller boroughs may be otherwise reformed, they will still hold too much power in their hands. The number of constituencies from which working-men will be practically excluded will be so large, and the inequalities in the weight and size of constituencies will be so great, that a new arrangement of seats will be inevitable. But it is essential that the new arrangement should be made on intelligible principles fairly applied. That some of the great Northern towns should have an additional member, and that a member should be given to some Northern towns which are at present without a representative, is beyond dispute; but then it is also obvious that there are other large constituencies which have a good claim for more seats. Unfortunately, no one has moved for a return showing how far a reduction of the franchise would affect the county constituencies. But if it is true that the county qualification is to be reduced to 15*l.*, the number of voters in some counties will be enormous. There will be no argument to oppose to the claim of these immense constituencies for more representatives, except that the seats to be allotted are very few. But it will be unfair that the claims of the Northern towns should be all attended to first, and that then the counties should be put off with the excuse that everything has been given away. An enlargement of the numbers of the House, which is recommended by the necessity of more members to get through the private business, is also recommended by the consideration that the consequent increase in the number of new seats to be allotted would ensure the claims of the counties being properly cared for. Every one, except a few fanatics or intriguers, wishes that the Reform Bill of this Session, if passed at all, should be calculated to set the whole subject at rest for many years to come; and this can scarcely be attained if the counties receive less than they can justly ask. In a very short time we shall know what is the nature of the Government scheme; but we hope that on all leading points it will be clear and decisive, that it will treat the various parts of Reform as forming one inseparable whole, that it will show no signs of hesitation in admitting to the franchise large bodies of working-men, that it will improve the small boroughs by extending their area, that it will include a rearrangement of seats on a sufficient scale, and that in this rearrangement it will do justice to the claims of the counties. If it does all this, the Ministers who propose it may stand or fall according to its success; but at any rate they will fall, if they do fall, without discredit to themselves or their party.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN MARITIME LAW.

IN the debate of last week on the maritime rights of belligerents, many misconceptions were circulated, and some were exposed. The supporters of the exemption of private property from capture consulted the supposed temper of the House of Commons by repeated professions of their freedom from sentimental bias, and of their exclusive devotion to English interests. Several speakers, including Mr. LAING, demonstrated the alarming effects of any future war on English shipping. To produce a complete derangement of trade it would not be necessary that captures should be extraordinarily numerous, for the risk would, by raising the rate of insurance, be almost as mischievous as actual loss. Many vessels would be transferred to foreign owners, and the crews would follow the ships. It is possible that maritime

industry might not wholly recover itself on the restoration of peace; and it is certain that shipowners would, during the continuance of the war, suffer extreme inconvenience and distress. In a contest with any European Power, the risks would be almost wholly on one side. *Cantabit vacuum*—Prussia or Austria would think lightly of the diminished value of their petty commercial marine. Even if France were the hostile belligerent, an English fleet of 7,000,000 tons would be staked against one of 900,000 tons, and there would be little satisfaction in driving an enemy's flag from the ocean while armed vessels, from hostile and perhaps from neutral ports, were occupied in the pursuit of a far richer prey. Until the ATTORNEY-GENERAL uttered a statesmanlike protest against imputations on the good faith of a friendly Government, it seemed to be generally assumed that the United States would eagerly turn neutrality into an occasion of piracy. Because one ship, during four years, escaped without her armament from the Mersey, the professed admirers of America anticipated that the whole Western coast of the Atlantic would swarm with lawless cruisers, bent on plundering English commerce in open defiance of municipal and international law. The prophets of crime are necessarily its apologists, because they describe as probable what ought, until it has occurred, to be regarded as impossible. If such outrages were to be perpetrated, it would be necessary to seek redress from the offender; and America, alone among the nations of the world, is capable of suffering nearly as heavy losses as England by maritime capture. Both Powers would, therefore, be interested in the exemption of private property, unless there are countervailing reasons against a change in the law. At present it is certain that the American Government would refuse its consent to the proposed innovation, nor is there the smallest reason for supposing that any European State would be more accommodating.

That a measure is beneficial to England is an excellent reason for adopting it, if it lies within the power of Parliament; but the same argument is calculated to produce an opposite effect on foreigners who are providing for a contingent state of war. Since, under the existing system, England has more to lose than France by the capture of private property, it follows that France has a different belligerent interest from England; and it would be useless to attempt negotiations for the sake of redressing an inequality which is disadvantageous only to the author of the overture. Mr. GREGORY's project has never but once been favoured by any maritime Power; and the Government of the United States speedily retracted, as an oversight, a proposal which had probably been intended only for controversial purposes. In answer to a communication of the provisions of the Convention of Paris, Mr. MARCY, Secretary of State to President PIERCE, offered in 1856 to accede to the new code of law on condition of the exemption of private property from capture. As no alteration in the law of blockade was proposed, the arrangement would have been beneficial to England, if there had been any sufficient security for the observance of its provisions. Lord PALMERSTON, however, declined to accede to the plan; and within a few months Mr. BUCHANAN revoked the offer, through his Secretary of State, General CASS, except on the further condition that blockade should be abolished as well as capture. There is, in truth, no difference of principle between two modes of warfare which are equally directed against private property. There is the same hardship in prohibiting a voyage as in interrupting it when it has commenced; and, under the system which was established at Paris, blockade is the severer infliction. Commerce may now be safely conducted under a neutral flag; but a blockade, so far as it is effective, interrupts all intercourse. As long as the greatest commercial Power has also the most formidable fleet, it has an interest in abolishing the right of capture, and in maintaining the right of blockade. In Mr. BUCHANAN's time the Americans had not yet created a navy, and it was therefore natural that they should recommend the disuse of a weapon which they have since used with extraordinary vigour. Many years must elapse after the blockade of the Southern ports before any President of the United States will offer to deprive his country of so effective a mode of conducting hostilities. The principal arguments which were used in favour of Mr. GREGORY's motion applied to blockade rather than to capture. It was truly stated that there would be comparatively little use in blockading European coasts, because the trade could, by means of railways, be readily transferred to neutral ports.

The most valuable of belligerent rights, consisting in the power of seizing an enemy's goods wherever they were found, was surrendered by England, for the first time, in the Paris Convention. The charges which have ever since been

urged against Lord PALMERSTON'S Government would have been well founded if the old law could have been prudently enforced. In 1782, and again in 1801, England defied the hostility of the world in preference to the abandonment of her most cherished claim; yet in the Russian war of 1854 it was thought prudent to suspend the pretension, and in the subsequent Congress the English representatives perceived that it would be inexpedient to maintain a point of honour which, in a French war, would have involved a quarrel with America, and, in an American war, a quarrel with France. Two of the four articles of the treaty were taken from the established jurisprudence of England, which had always recognised the exemption of neutral goods under an enemy's flag, and the obligation of making blockades effective. The abolition of privateering, though the law may be evaded, was clearly beneficial to England; and the concession of the right to interfere with neutral carriers was dictated by an unwelcome but obvious necessity. There is little force in the argument that, having gone so far, international legislation must go further; for many cases may be imagined in which the molestation of hostile commerce would be the only practicable way of bringing a war to a close. Mr. GREGORY can scarcely have been serious in quoting the authority of the Emperor NAPOLEON in favour of the limitation of maritime supremacy. The same illustrious jurist published, as one of his reasons for dethroning PRUS VII., the crime which the POPE had committed in negotiating with English heretics whom it was his duty to excommunicate. It was not surprising that he habitually denounced belligerent rights at sea, while he exercised them with extravagant severity on land. One of many Imperial interpretations of the sacredness of private property on land was furnished by the exaction of twenty-five millions in a single year from provinces of North Germany which had been already exhausted by the war. It was commonly said in those days that either England or France must have been annihilated, only that the Leviathan could not walk, and the Mammoth could not swim. The Mammoth might have brought the struggle to a conclusion if he could have prevented his adversary from using his fins.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL defined with comprehensive precision the immunity which really belongs to private property on land. The discretion of an invading general is, as he forcibly showed, restrained, not by positive law, but by current opinion. The contributions and requisitions which are habitually levied are exactly analogous to the high rates of marine insurance which measure, and practically constitute, the losses inflicted by capture. Although prizes are customarily awarded to captors, the object of seizing an enemy's vessels is to destroy his national resources; and there is no difference in principle between the blockade of ports and the capture of vessels on the open sea. General SHERMAN reduced a whole country to desolation on the express ground that it was expedient to force the enemy, through his sufferings, to sue for peace; and a similar policy might, with far less inhumanity, be adopted at sea, where there are no women or children, and where there is no danger of starvation. It is practically impossible to regulate the conduct of war by treaties, because there is obviously no diplomatic method of enforcing even the most indisputable right against an enemy. The exemption of hostile goods under a neutral flag has a natural protector in the neutral, but a wronged belligerent is already doing his utmost. When the Federal fleet bombarded Charleston, it was useless for the inhabitants to complain that the destruction of non-combatants was a violation of the usages of war. The Admiral in command was sole judge of expediency and of right, and it happened not to be his interest or his wish to spare civilians or their property. The withdrawal of Mr. GREGORY'S motion represented the general opinion of the House that the proposed amendment of international law was either undesirable or for the present impracticable.

AUSTRIA.

IN the last number of the *North British Review* there is an excellent and very interesting article on Austria. The writer gives a sketch of Austrian history since the time of the Emperor JOSEPH II., and then examines the present position and prospects of the Empire. He evidently understands his subject, and has reflected on the problems which Austrian politics involve; and it would be difficult to show more forcibly how completely overshadowed by obscurity the future of Austria is than by giving a summary of the conclusions at which he arrives. He considers that the days of absolutism are over in Austria, for the experiment was fairly tried

in the days of SCHWARTZENBERG and BACH, and broke down. Some government after the constitutional pattern must therefore be tried; and it must be tried over the whole Empire, for M. SCHMERLING'S plan of ruling the non-German provinces despotically, with a Constitution for the German provinces, has broken down as much as the system of universal absolutism. Of constitutional or liberal government, two types, and no more, suggest themselves. A common Parliament for the whole Empire might rule the different provinces, as our Parliament governs England, Scotland, and Ireland. But this is "just" one of the many desirable things that are simply impossible." Hungary will not assent to it. The other plan would be to have two separate groups of States, independent, but bound to assist each other on all points that concerned the whole monarchy. This scheme, however, could not possibly work. For, in the first place, if either party to the union did not fulfil the terms of the contract, there would be no superior power to enforce obedience; and secondly, if Hungary were ever to be supreme over the adjacent or subject populations, without a strong Imperial supervision being exercised, there would inevitably be a rebellion against the supremacy of the Magyars. So far, therefore, as the internal policy of Austria goes, she has nothing to do but to choose between a dream and a delusion—the dream of a consolidated empire, and the delusion of a divided one. As regards her external policy, she is no better off. The best thing for her would be to retire from the field of German politics, and to accept the Principalities in lieu of Venetia. But she cannot retire from German politics, for all the German part of Austria clings to Germany, and it is because of her position in Germany that her own subjects pay her the respect due to a great Power. And, further, she cannot exchange Venetia for the Principalities, for she is bitterly hated in those provinces since her occupation of them during the Crimean war; and no one is at all likely to give the Principalities to her. Nor is she likely to sell Venetia, for the EMPEROR and the army cling to it fondly, and yet, if war comes, she will probably lose it, and no one can say whether she is better with or without it. The general conclusion is that, whatever she does, Austria will probably go equally wrong both at home and abroad.

This is a very melancholy view of Austrian affairs, and yet every argument by which it is maintained is plausible, and apparently sound. Those who prophesied that the EMPEROR and the Hungarians would not come to terms of reconciliation very easily or quickly have proved to be right. There has been much personal friendliness. The EMPEROR and the EMPRESS have made themselves very pleasant; there have been some highly successful fêtes and balls; on both sides an anxiety, that was evidently sincere, has been expressed that a basis might be discovered for an effectual and satisfactory compromise. But sooner or later the inherent difficulties of the problem to be solved were sure to make themselves felt. The Hungarians want an independent Hungarian Ministry; they want local independence in their counties; they want to have the validity of the laws of 1848 acknowledged before they will consent to revise them. The EMPEROR will not agree to any of these things. In his answer to the Addresses of the two Chambers he declares that there cannot be a separate Ministry for Hungary; that there cannot be a change in the provincial administration, and that the laws of 1848 must be revised before they can be treated as legally valid. This answer seems to have given great annoyance to the Hungarian Senators and Deputies. But the Rescript in which the views of the EMPEROR have been finally embodied is as conciliatory as it was possible to be if the EMPEROR was to retain the position which he had occupied in his Speech from the throne. He reasons, at considerable length and with much frankness, on the various propositions which had been urged upon him by different speakers in the course of the long debate on the Address. There is nothing, perhaps, on which the Hungarians insist more passionately than on the maintenance of what they call the principle of continuity. They insist that their history shall be treated as having run on without legal interruption; and that whatever was valid under their Constitution shall be treated as now binding, while no forcible shall be allowed to any regulations which their Constitution does not sanction. The laws of 1848 were made in due form. The Diet passed them, the EMPEROR approved of them. These laws must be treated as part of the existing law of the country. If the present EMPEROR will so treat them, the Diet will willingly consider how far they ought to be repealed. The EMPEROR points out with some justice that this would be to create the evil of a transitory arrangement being set on foot merely to be overthrown. The laws of 1848 provided for a Hungarian Ministry, for the appointment of a Viceroy,

and for the creation of a National Guard. The EMPEROR cannot consent to have one Ministry in Pesth and another at Vienna; he will not delegate his authority to a Viceroy; and he thinks a National Guard certain to lead the nation into the erroneous belief that a military force not under the immediate control of the Central Power will answer the same ends of national wellbeing as are served by a regular army. If, however, the laws of 1848 were to be recognised as in force, a Hungarian Ministry and a Viceroy must be appointed, and a National Guard must be enrolled, only in order, the day after the laws have been satisfactorily revised, to find the appointment revoked and the enrolment at an end. To risk such great changes in order to accomplish so little would be a flagrant example of that pedantry which looks to the form and not to the spirit of political acts. If the Hungarian Diet and the Sovereign concur in subjecting these laws to an extensive alteration, this interposition of the legislative powers of the country is quite enough to preserve the continuity of legal existence to which the Hungarians attach so much value.

That there are affairs concerning the whole Empire has been explicitly recognised by the Diet, which has appointed a Commission to consider and report on them. The EMPEROR entreats that this inquiry may be pursued with vigour, and that he may be informed what the Diet considers these common affairs are, and how it is supposed that they can be administered so as to give satisfaction, not only to Hungary, but to all the Provinces of the Empire. The EMPEROR may well desire that the Diet should inform him how this is to be done; for, if the Diet could but hit on a feasible plan, it would remove the greatest difficulty that besets the whole of Austrian policy. The EMPEROR has his plan, and submits it to their consideration. Let the affairs of the Provinces be regulated by the Provincial Diets, and let the affairs of the Empire be regulated by an Imperial Parliament. The Hungarians have no counter-plan equally simple and plausible; and it is not easy to make out what their conceptions of a satisfactory settlement would be. They avow themselves willing to furnish the Sovereign with contributions to a common fund for the purposes of the State, and to supply a stipulated amount of men to his army. They also acknowledge that he must alone represent all his subjects in dealing with foreign Powers, and that it is for him alone to make and terminate wars. But beyond this they wish that everything should be left to the Hungarian Diet and to a Hungarian Ministry, or to a Vienna Assembly and Ministry, according as it might happen to affect one half of the Empire or the other. The EMPEROR would reign as a constitutional Sovereign over two distinct kingdoms, each of which would furnish him with a stipulated amount of men and money, and both of which would be at war or peace according as he pleased. This is what the Hungarian party, represented by M. DEAK, seems to want, and the EMPEROR may well ask this party to consider their proposal carefully in all its bearings, and to show that they have examined and understood all the difficulties which it involves, and are prepared to remove or to overcome them. If the discussion is carried on in a temperate spirit, and with a sincere wish to arrive at a result that will afford a satisfactory basis for the future government of affairs, the mere fact that such a discussion takes place can scarcely fail to do good. Hitherto the Hungarians have been standing only on the defensive, and they have conducted the defence of their Constitution with admirable spirit and perseverance. But now they are invited to take a statesmanlike view of great affairs, and, as the overtone has been made in a manner very agreeable to their national dignity, they can afford to undertake the task that lies before them with calmness and moderation, and to show that it is not beyond the measure of their political capacity. That they should be set to work on such a task is perhaps quite as much as could have been expected to result at present from the efforts of the EMPEROR to come to a good understanding with them.

AMERICA.

FOR the first time since the beginning of his struggle with the majority of the Congress, Mr. JOHNSON appears to have lost his temper. The angry defiance of his opponents which he has addressed to a public meeting at Washington seems undignified, although success might acquit him of imprudence. That the chief of a great Executive Government should denounce members of the Legislature and private citizens by name would appear, in the Old World, a strange abandonment of official reserve and propriety; and even in America the PRESIDENT will perhaps be thought to have committed an error in descending into the arena of rhetorical

vituperation. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS had said in the House, as many orators in more than one country have during two centuries said before him, that the crimes for which CHARLES I. was beheaded were not greater than those of which the PRESIDENT was about to be guilty. Mr. JOHNSON replies, with an odd confusion of thought between figurative decapitation and actual punishment, that, if he is to be beheaded, he does not want it to be done "by inuendos and indirect remarks in high places." Another speaker, who had declared that "the Presidential obstacle must be got out of the way," is absurdly accused of encouraging assassination. Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER are political fanatics and windy orators, but in their most bombastic flights of bad taste they are wholly innocent of murder. It is but cheap heroism to profess indifference to imaginary danger. Mr. JOHNSON himself is more serious in threatening to perpetrate an almost equal crime by the judicial homicide of some of the Confederate leaders. According to his extravagant phrase, eight millions of Southern people have incurred the penalty of death; "but, he would say, let the leaders, conscious and intelligent traitors, suffer the 'penalty of the law.'" It is unfortunately possible that the PRESIDENT and the philanthropists may shake hands on the scaffold of JEFFERSON DAVIS. For the present, however, Mr. JOHNSON regards the majority in both Houses as traitors; while Mr. SEWARD assures a meeting at New York that the country is in no peril, "no matter whether the Congressional or the 'Presidential policy prevailed.'" A few days afterwards, Mr. SEWARD telegraphed from Washington that "It is all right. The Union is restored. The country is safe. The 'PRESIDENT's speech is triumphant, and the country will be 'happy.'" The country is probably safe enough, though the Union is not fully restored. If the happiness of the country is promoted by unrestrained violence of language on the part of its rulers, Mr. SEWARD's congratulations are well founded.

Before the Session commenced, all parties claimed the PRESIDENT as the principal representative and organ of their several opinions. The powerful Radical section had concurred in choosing him as VICE-PRESIDENT, and immediately after his succession to the higher office he seemed to incline to extreme measures of confiscation and punishment, which he may perhaps still be disposed to adopt. The moderate Republicans approved of his subsequent projects of reconstruction, and, from a prudent desire to avoid collisions between different powers in the Government, they were generally disposed to allow the Executive a wide range of discretion. The Democrats, who had sunk from the condition of a dominant party into comparative insignificance, hoped to regain their former authority by an alliance with a PRESIDENT who had for five-and-twenty years been one of their most zealous supporters. Soon after the meeting of Congress, the extreme Republicans, finding themselves secure of a majority in both Houses, began to exhibit a not unnatural jealousy of the PRESIDENT's independent action. It soon appeared that there was a fundamental antagonism between the theory that the Confederate States had forfeited their place in the Union, and the policy by which they were recognised in their former capacity under moderate conditions. Both parties were perhaps sincerely anxious to provide for the welfare of the liberated negroes, but the PRESIDENT thought that neither justice nor humanity required the concession of political power to the inferior race. The House of Representatives, under the guidance of a bitter and intolerant partisan, has passed two important Bills in defiance of the known wishes of the PRESIDENT; and it has also adopted, by a majority of two-thirds, a Constitutional Amendment imposing a political penalty on any State which withholds the electoral franchise on the ground of colour. The institution of universal suffrage in the District of Columbia would be rather significant than practically effective. The House, as far as its vote was concerned, provided, in the only part of the continent which is directly governed by Federal authority, a model of the legislation which the Radical party wishes by other methods to apply to all parts of the Union. The example was not happily chosen, for in Washington and the surrounding district the bulk of the resident negroes are recent immigrants, while the white inhabitants are unanimously opposed to the political equality of the two races; and it was perhaps scarcely prudent to remind all observers that the enfranchisement of the blacks in Columbia implied the practical disfranchisement of all the existing voters. The House, however, was consistent and candid, although its leaders displayed little tactical skill. It was understood that the PRESIDENT would refuse to pass the Bill, but the majority in the House of Representatives was strong enough to overrule his veto. The Senate, although the same party controls its legislation, has hitherto displayed commendable prudence by refusing to break with the PRESIDENT on an

unpopular issue. The Columbia District Bill has been shelved either temporarily or finally, and the PRESIDENT has been challenged to a contest on ground which is more advantageous to his opponents.

The Freedmen's Bureau was, when it was first established, useful and necessary for the protection of the slaves who were liberated as the Federal armies traversed the South. Its powers were not more unconstitutional than any other form of military rule, and, although the war has entirely ceased, all parties have tacitly agreed to a provisional continuance of the Board down to the present time. By a Bill, which originated in the Senate, the Freedmen's Bureau was to be permanently maintained, with powers so extensive as to create in every Southern State a dominion within a dominion. The PRESIDENT was empowered to appoint as many resident officers as there were counties and parishes containing freedmen, and his agents were authorized to supervise all contracts between white employers and black labourers, and to inflict fine or imprisonment on any person who, in the vague language of the Bill, deprived a freedman of any civil right or immunity belonging to white citizens. By other clauses the Sea Islands were given in property to their negro occupiers, and large grants of land were made in Florida, Arkansas, and Texas to coloured settlers. Schools, asylums, and hospitals were to be provided for the favoured clients of Congress, at an expense to the nation, as estimated by the PRESIDENT, of about 4,000,000*l.* a year. Although the measure was subversive of Southern liberty, it provided against the undeniable danger of oppression which might be exercised on the freedmen. The Bill passed both Houses with the support of the united Republican party, and it was not supposed that the PRESIDENT would directly resist the action of the majority. His refusal to allow the Bill surprised both friends and enemies, and it was doubtful whether it might not be passed, over his veto, by the constitutional majority of two-thirds in either House. In the Senate, however, the motion for passing it a second time only commanded thirty votes against eighteen. The Bill is consequently lost, and the irritation of the extreme Republicans may perhaps prevent them from supporting a moderate alternative measure. The abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau will nearly complete the restoration of the Southern States to the enjoyment of their former internal freedom.

The arguments by which, in accordance with custom, the PRESIDENT supported his decision seem practically forcible, and, on constitutional grounds, conclusive; yet it must be admitted that there is strong evidence to support the opinion that some exceptional machinery for the protection of the negroes is provisionally expedient. General HOWARD, the actual chief of the Bureau, an officer of character and intelligence, considers that the labour of the freedmen would be permanently organized, and the prosperity of the South restored, if the functions of the Board were continued for five years longer. The opponents of the PRESIDENT virtually assume that the provisions of the Constitution are still partially inapplicable to the South. Only a few political fanatics agree with Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, that the reclaimed States are reduced to the condition of conquered territories; but General GRANT is allowed without protest to suppress Richmond newspapers, and the PRESIDENT himself has frequently exercised abnormal or dictatorial powers. If General HOWARD's judgment is correct, the Southern landowners are almost as directly concerned as the negroes in the revival of orderly labour under the superintendence of the Federal authorities. There is, however, abundant room for the abuse of extraordinary powers, and probably the PRESIDENT is well advised in desiring to restore, as rapidly as possible, the normal condition of the Union. The unfriendly feeling of the Radicals to the South has been exhibited in a form especially offensive to a President who is a conspicuous citizen of Tennessee. The recognised voters of that State, forming about a third of the inhabitants, had elected a Federal officer, Colonel JOHNSON, as their representative in Congress; yet, notwithstanding his undoubted loyalty and that of his constituents, the House refused to admit the Tennessee member to a seat, and Mr. STEVENS coolly announced that the decision was provoked by the Presidential veto on the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. The House further passed a resolution that no Southern representative should be admitted until the whole question of reconstruction had been formally decided. Mr. JOHNSON had already called the attention of Congress to the flagrant anomaly involved in legislation for the government of States which are excluded from their constitutional share in the national deliberations. His own system of requiring a pledge of retrospective loyalty might perhaps be scarcely more equitable in practice; but in some respects the formal exclusion of a large

part of the country from the enjoyment of its political rights is perhaps still more visibly unconstitutional.

The curious reverence of Americans for their Constitution appears to be at least temporarily shaken. Mr. SUMNER, indeed, described its sanctity in terms of exaggerated enthusiasm, but at the same time he argued that the United States, in guaranteeing to each State a republican form of government, undertook the obligation of establishing equal and universal suffrage. Asserting, in spite of history, that a Republic implies the non-existence of privileged classes, he announced that the framers of the Constitution had implicitly prohibited the exclusion of negroes from the franchise. It would follow that not a single State of the original Federation was a Republic; and even now there are only six States in the North, and none in the South, which satisfy Mr. SUMNER's definition. Perhaps inspired writings may survive, in popular esteem, attempts to explain away their obvious meaning; but a merely human Constitution is doomed to contempt if it is to be patched and remodelled to suit every temporary object of faction. Foreign critics have often smiled at the unbounded faith of the American nation in a document which could by no possibility have provided for all future contingencies; but the Constitution is undoubtedly a remarkable monument of political ability; and it is a first condition of national greatness that there should be a common and unquestioning belief in some symbol of unity, whether it be a King, a flag, or a Constitution. The most violent leaders of the Radical party have lately accustomed themselves to propose the attainment of every occasional purpose by an amendment of the Constitution. Mr. WADE, in the Senate, furnished the oddest illustration of the prevailing tendency to tamper with the sacred text by recommending an amendment which should render Presidents ineligible for re-election, on the express ground of Mr. JOHNSON's recent exercise of his undoubted prerogative. As long, however, as it is found impossible to unite two-thirds of the Senate against the PRESIDENT, Congress can exercise but little control over the progress of events; and the work of reconstruction is likely to proceed, except that the completion of the mutilated legislative bodies may be indefinitely delayed. The acutest observers of public opinion are at a loss to judge of the final decision of the country. There is time enough for many changes of feeling and judgment before the next Presidential contest occurs in 1868.

MR. LOWE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE weakness imputed by a sceptical world to the present Ministry has become a common topic of conversation. The *Times*, having buried them prematurely, is naturally aggrieved that they should venture to be such an unconscionable time in dying; but the next few weeks will probably either kill or cure the "sick man." Since his acceptance of office Lord RUSSELL has been exposed to several difficulties and disadvantages which most men except Lord RUSSELL would have thought serious. The PREMIER himself has arrived at that honourable time of life at which exertion and fatigue become a torture, and finds himself called upon to frame a measure of Parliamentary Reform for a generation which scarcely acknowledges the *Edinburgh Review*. He succeeds, moreover, to the political cellar of a statesman who has left behind him more empty bottles than wine to put in them. And lastly, Lord RUSSELL has to manage, through a brilliant but headstrong deputy, a Cabinet that is composed of discordant elements, a House that is not enthusiastic in his support, and a party that is weakened by the secession of two or three conspicuous debaters. Of the disaffected outsiders, Mr. LOWE is the most brilliant, and possibly the most merciless. His speech upon Reform last year rendered his temporary absence from any Reform Ministry a matter of decorum, if not of necessity. Though he has forfeited for the time the goodwill and confidence of a large section of the Liberals, he has won a foremost place amongst the thinkers and speakers of the House; and the Government that excludes him from office loses an able administrator, who would be useful to the public in any place in which he would have no opportunity of worrying the religious world. Once outside the gates of the Ministerial fortress, he becomes, on the other hand, a formidable critic, whose criticisms will be acute and damaging. His attitude of amicable hostility, which is so embarrassing to the Cabinet, is not altogether without its dangers for Mr. LOWE himself, to whom PROVIDENCE has denied the power of making political friends as fast as he can make political enemies. He runs some risk of falling between two stools, and of alienating the Liberal party without conciliating anybody in their place. In the presence of this contingency,

Mr. LOWE has shown some spirit. He plays a bold game, and has staked heavily on the failure of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Cabinet. That he will waive no reasonable occasion of contributing to the success of his own prophecy is proved by the disposition he has shown to rely on the applause of Conservative benches; and he has even attempted to disarm the country gentlemen by putting forward the interesting plea that he is not to be taken to be as indecorously clever as Mr. JOHN STUART MILL. All this looks as if Mr. LOWE not only was resolved to break finally with Lord RUSSELL, but scented the possibility of some fresh Parliamentary combination. There are some considerations that might pardonably encourage such a hope. The present Cabinet coheres chiefly from the force of circumstances, and hardly can be considered a harmonious whole. Its members have neither common traditions nor common interests, nor perhaps any common object. Such an assemblage can only be permanently held together by the personal fascination of some popular chief, and in their case this element of stability is wanting. When they break up, they will disperse to all the different quarters of the compass; and, until they disperse, every single Cabinet measure must of necessity be a species of compromise. Lord RUSSELL has succeeded in collecting in Downing Street a group composed of some able and some amiable statesmen, but, when he has collected them, it seems as if he did not know very well what to do with them. When men ask themselves why the Liberal party has now been in power for some months without hoisting any flag or furnishing any definite programme to the world, the answer is self-evident. The Cabinet is a house divided against itself, and we are taught from the Bible what becomes of houses of this kind. Mr. LOWE, who draws his wisdom probably from profaner sources, has come to a similar conclusion, and it is not impossible that, in common with others, he may have revolved in his own mind the chances of a Ministerial crisis, and a Ministerial reconstruction.

To attempt to build up a third party outside the pale of the present Ministerialists and the present Opposition would be to engage in the Scriptural task of making bricks without straw. Materials are wanting for such an undertaking. Mr. LOWE, Mr. HORSMAN, Mr. BOUVERIE, and Lord ELCHO would constitute a poor backbone for any such framework. The foremost men of a stable Ministry must be upheld either by the support of a great party or the enthusiasm of the public outside; and Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN can command neither. The most they could secure would be the attention of the House of Commons, which would on fit occasions listen to them with interest, and if necessary vote against them without hesitation. The Peelites, it is true, succeeded in a not dissimilar enterprise. But the Peelites were a school of illustrious statesmen, numbering in its ranks some of the most eloquent debaters, the best administrators, and the most respected personal characters in Parliament, all sheltered and bound together under the common mantle of a great memory. Without disrespect to Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN, it may be said that the Peelites were to the present Liberal outsiders as Hyperion to a Satyr. An alliance between the more moderate Whigs and the malcontents, on the basis of No Reform, would, on the other hand, be a chimerical adventure. From any such combination the more advanced section of the Cabinet must be absent, and the substituted Ministry, if palatable in the House of Lords, would fall an easy prey to the Conservatives in the Commons.

A coalition between the most temperate of the Tory leaders and the most Conservative of the present Liberals may appear, on the first blush of the matter, a more feasible arrangement. It would represent the political quietism of many Englishmen, nor would it be difficult to select a Cabinet of the sort that might bring with it to office both the good-will of great English families and a fair share of administrative ability. The country at large, with sound reason, entertains a rooted distrust of the foreign policy of a Tory Administration; but many offices of State might be entrusted to Conservative management, under the supervision of a Liberal Premier, without exciting public alarm or dissatisfaction. The difficulties in the way of such a scheme are, however, considerable. In the first place there is the vexed question of Reform. It is probable that a large section of the public is indifferent to the subject, but it is by no means certain that the public would not pretend to be interested if a Ministry were in power about which it did not care. Mr. GLADSTONE out of the House has begun to be even more of a political power than he is inside. His future orbit is not to be calculated, and it would be as impossible to predict his place in any reconstruction of the political cosmos as it is to define his exact relations even to the present system. But if he were to exclude

himself from a coalition, the country would begin to ask itself why he was excluded, and whether it would not rather have Mr. GLADSTONE and Reform than Lord CLARENDON, Mr. LOWE, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE without it. How serious an obstacle the subject of Reform will be to all Governments, whatever their colour, is shown by the semi-official announcement imputed, rightly or wrongly, to Mr. DISRAELI, that the DERBY Ministry are prepared to accept the post of the present Cabinet, "with its engagements," and, if need be, to launch a second Reform Bill of their own. And every Coalition Government is subject to the great disadvantage that it cannot rely upon popular enthusiasm out of doors. England, as Mr. DISRAELI has observed, does not love coalitions, and it would love least of all a coalition of which Mr. DISRAELI was a conspicuous ornament. It remains, indeed, to be seen whether the Tory party would tolerate such a hybrid creation themselves. English Tories are not fond of compromises, and deserve at any rate the credit of preferring the integrity of their own political creed to popularity, influence, and place. Nobody can feel sure that the country gentlemen of England would follow their leaders, if their leaders proposed to traffic or to bargain with the enemy. Though such a coalition would content some quiet educated people, it would not content either great party in the House of Commons; nor are the landmarks of ancient antagonism and the machinery of ancient organization to be removed in a single day. At most, the new Cabinet would be a temporary makeshift, destined to last only so long as no crucial political question started up to puzzle and divide it, and to revive the dormant hostility of the lately reconciled camps. On half the subjects of the Session its members, to be true to their habits and their old associations, would entertain different views, and ought, upon theory, to be found in different lobbies. No Cabinet could be otherwise than ephemeral the existence of which was a satire on the division lists of the House during the last fifteen years.

Anxious as Mr. LOWE must be to avoid the damning suspicion of being a political Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man as every man's hand is against him, it may be doubted whether he is destined to convince the country in person of the permanent possibility of a third alternative between the reconstruction of the present Government on the one hand, and the advent of the Conservatives on the other. He is perfectly justified in standing aloof from, and in criticizing, a Ministry to which he owes no allegiance, and whose measures he thinks open to animadversion. His great abilities may even shelter him from the official pains and penalties that are usually the portion of those who make war on the leaders of their party. In consequence of a similar act of disobedience, Mr. HORSMAN has for some time stood isolated and suspected, a Parliamentary pillar of salt, to warn all placemen against discontent. But Mr. LOWE is built in a more substantial mould, and, thanks to his administrative capacity and his value in debate, may calculate, when Reform is honourably buried for another thirty years, on returning as a penitent to those Ministerial pastures from which he has migrated into exile. The advanced Liberals are not so impracticable as to cherish eternal enmity against a valuable ally. They have forgiven Mr. GLADSTONE much, and forgive him something every day. It would not take much to make them forgive Mr. DISRAELI. The past volumes of *Hansard* ought to lie heavy on many a Parliamentary conscience, but as a matter of fact they trouble very few; and in a few years Mr. LOWE's sins of omission and commission will sleep decently in the back numbers of *Hansard* on a dusty shelf.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

IN no one point, perhaps, does the inconvenience of Parliamentary institutions and public discussion strike the subject of a despotic Government so forcibly as in the treatment of military matters. That the body which typifies the physical strength and prowess of a nation should be annually subjected to the criticisms of men elected by ten-pound householders, is a phenomenon which offends both the judgment and the pride of a Continental citizen. And probably, if mere military efficiency were the only object aimed at, our practice would present many points of exception to others than military critics. But everything has its fair side. And, after making due allowance for the sneers of professional depreciators, it must be admitted that the discussion of military matters in Parliament is not wholly without advantage. A despotic Government increases or diminishes its army without taking the public into its confidence; and even when it professes to explain its views or assign its reasons, its declarations are liable to suspicion. With us, concealment and misrepresentation are equally impossible. The whole

country, through its representatives and the press, is taken into confidence. Every defect is revealed, every project canvassed, every item of expense criticized. It is true that the critics are not, for the most part, professional men; that military matters are debated by an assembly of which only a small proportion can claim the advantage of military knowledge; and that the economical function of the House of Commons is apt to obtrude itself to a degree which is not always palatable to those members whose sympathies are less with the taxpayer than with the soldier. Still, after all, the House and the country at large are made more familiar with the actual condition of the army; and suggestions which are not much noticed on the occasion of their utterance sink into the public mind, and bring forth fruit long afterwards.

The discussion which arose on Lord HARTINGTON's statement on Monday night is an illustration of the importance of bringing military matters before Parliament. A Secretary for War, at such a time, is like a man walking on a tight-rope with gyves. He is weighted and manacled by the very nature of his task. He has to reconcile—or to attempt to reconcile—two entirely different things, efficiency and economy. He has to lure his audience by a promise or pretence of saving money, and he has at the same time to show that the saving will do no harm. The first part of his speech is generally devoted to a series of small subtraction sums; the latter part to an exposition of the difficulties under which the arithmetical problem has been worked. It is only when the official mind is eased, and the official part performed, that the non-official assistants come forward to throw their light on the dark places of the Ministerial programme. On Monday night, Lord HARTINGTON for the first time took the chief character in a department in which he has hitherto played the second part. If the performance was not brilliant, it was far from discreditible. He felt the gyves, as was natural. He was addressing a House many members of which owed their seats to their pertinacious denunciations of a system which allows an annual expenditure of fourteen millions on the army alone. He had to twist and contort himself into an apologetic state of mind, and to explain, in the face of so economical an assembly, how he had been able to save only a quarter of a million on this huge sum. It must be admitted that the House took the explanation in good part, and did not appear to be in any way disappointed. Nor, probably, would its disappointment have been excessive had there been no saving at all, as, later in the debate, was shown to be nearly the fact. Certainly, when all the facts are looked steadily in the face, it would seem as if the actual economy were more compulsory than voluntary, and more illusory than either. The reduction is to be effected in the battalions which return from foreign service—not in their number, but in the number of the men composing them. Thus, while one infantry battalion going to India and the Colonies will consist of 840 rank and file, the battalions which have returned from foreign service will consist of less than 700 men. The numerical reduction effected in this way will not much exceed 4,000 men altogether, and will leave the whole force of infantry at 76,000, instead of 80,000, as in last year. The saving of money which this reduction effects was at first stated to be about 250,000*l.*, but eventually it dwindled down, by the ordinary shuffling of the accounts, into a modest 6,000*l.* That is, if we understood Lord HARTINGTON aright, we are to lose 4,000 men and save 6,000*l.* This is not a brilliant stroke of finance. But, small as the money-saving is, it can hardly be called voluntary; for, as Major O'REILLY observed, the men have not been reduced by the Government, but have reduced themselves. This is the evil feature of the whole case. We are now, each year, losing men faster than we replace them. The men avail themselves of the Limited Enlistment Act to retire after ten years, and fresh recruits do not come in their place. It may be questioned whether economical purism does not strain a point too far when it praises itself for a loss which it cannot help incurring. The reduction of soldiers does not require to be enforced by official authority. It goes on too smoothly by itself. The question for the consideration of the House and the Government rather is how to prevent, than how to precipitate, this loss. At present we enlist raw rustics or ill-disciplined town-boys, whom, by a continuous training of ten years, we fashion into competent soldiers. When they have cost us not much under 500*l.* a-piece they betake themselves to civil employments, for some of which they have qualified themselves by the schooling which they have received in the army. The only inducement offered for their re-enlistment is a sum of money which is wholly insufficient to attract them. And the unwill-

ingness of others to take their place is explained by reasons which are not far to seek. When unskilled labourers in towns are earning from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* a day, and labourers with very ordinary skill 4*s.* or 5*s.*, with the liberty of doing what they like and going where they like during their spare hours, it is easy to understand why men should prefer this sort of life to that of a soldier, who earns only one shilling a day, and whose freedom of action is considerably restricted. On the other hand, it may be argued that soldiers, like other men, are creatures of habit, and that, after ten years' experience of military life, it is not easy for a man to give up all its associations and take to an entirely new career. Probably there is some truth in this, at least sufficient to make it worth while to try some experiment for retaining the old soldier in the ranks.

Of the many that were mentioned on Monday, the bounty was declared to be a failure; and the only one that was pronounced to have the slightest chance of being generally successful was the assurance of increased pay, with the certainty of a pension at the end of twenty years. Were this promised, we are inclined to think that the first period of service might be enlarged from ten to twelve years, and the second reduced from ten to eight. But this, as Lord HARTINGTON remarked, would be a costly proceeding. An augmentation of one penny a day to each re-enlisted soldier would cost the country 200,000*l.* a year. It is only decorous for a Secretary of State to speak with bated breath when he ventures to hint at increased expenditure in the House of Commons. It is a proper tribute to the *genius loci*. But in this question of the British army, mere saving of money is secondary to efficiency. Let the House see that the money which it gives is not wasted; but let it give enough to secure money's worth. No honest man need be afraid of confessing that the state of the English army at the present moment is critical. With Fenianism insulting us in Ireland, threatening us in America, and assailing the fidelity of our soldiers, there is more need than ever for retaining men of proved loyalty and discipline in the ranks. Nor need it be supposed an indication of undue timidity to contend against any curtailment of their numerical strength. Were Fenianism to act singly and without foreign aid, we might safely leave it to be disposed of by the Volunteers and the normal force of regulars stationed in England. But if Fenianism should ever have auxiliaries from abroad, our Volunteers and Militia would certainly need the support of an adequate and disciplined body of regular troops. While, however, we deprecate the curtailment of the army at home, we by no means desire to see its strength recruited by large drafts on the army in India, as seems to be now contemplated by the War Office. It may be reserved for the War Office and the India Board to learn, only when it is too late, that our Eastern Empire rests virtually and potentially on its European forces; and that the firmness of the native soldiers would offer as little resistance to external aggression as their loyalty would to internal sedition. We know that this is not the opinion of the civil authorities at home, but it is deeply rooted in the convictions of every man who has served long in India. It offers one more reason for strengthening and increasing the English army for home and for foreign service. We have not the resources that great Continental nations have. We cannot extort a service which the subject is not willing to give. We cannot abridge the liberty of one man for the sake of preserving the liberty of all. But we can make the profession of arms more popular than it is now. The effort would be a costly one, but the effect would be worth the cost. The country is eminently prosperous, and no one whose memory enables him to compare the condition of the English soldier in 1846 with what it is in 1866 need despair of rendering his condition ten years hence more worthy of the duties which he is trained to discharge, and of the country whose wealth he is expected to defend. That it will not remain as it is at this moment, the whole tenor of the speeches delivered on Monday evening by men of experience encourages us to hope; and the promised appointment of a Royal Commission will probably hasten the realization of this hope.

JAMAICA.

THE expediency of transferring the government of Jamaica to the Crown is so universally admitted, that the Bill for effecting the object could only have occasioned a debate in either House by furnishing an excuse for comments on the untoward events which have occurred in the island. The Bill was conducted through the House of Commons with a kind of awkward hesitation, as if Mr. CARDWELL had anticipated a resistance which not a single member dreamed of offering.

The measure was limited to a period of three years, although the Minister avowed a well-founded belief that it would inevitably require renewal; and it was only at the last stage of the Bill that the Government accepted from Mr. ADDERLEY an amendment which made the authority of the Crown perpetual or indefinite in duration. It is evident that the difference between a provisional dictatorship and a permanent monarchy is not a matter of detail. The general conduct, however, of the Government has been firm and judicious, and perhaps a little constitutional prudery may be forgiven to a colleague of Lord RUSSELL. Deference to the name or shadow of representative institutions had probably a larger share in the original frame of the Bill than any doubt as to the disposition of the House of Commons. All parties who took any interest in the affairs of Jamaica were for the time unanimous. The philanthropists desired protection for their negro clients against any local oligarchy which could have been substituted for the corrupt and factious Assembly. The West India interest, or rather the members who retain the sympathies which were once associated with the name, had been thoroughly frightened by the real or supposed disaffection of the negroes. The Colonial Office is no longer, as in 1839, the habitual censor and antagonist of the planters. At home and in Jamaica there was only one opinion, and the Government Bill expresses the result of the general conviction. The anxiety with which accurate information as to the outbreak and its consequences is awaited connects itself with a wide difference of feeling and opinion.

There is already reason to suppose that the Report of the Commissioners will only confirm in substance the earlier statements, which it will probably correct in detail. Mr. EYRE so far did his duty to his official superiors, that he supplied them with all the information which he possessed, or which he thought material. His evidence was a copy of his despatches, and he appears neither to have discovered additional facts nor to have modified his original opinions. It has never been ascertained whether he believed in a deliberate conspiracy, and he admits that, a few months before the outbreak, he had described in the most cheerful terms the condition and prospects of the island. He still ascribes to the agitation which was occasioned by Dr. UNDERHILL's letter the subsequent discontent and the final disturbance. The distinction between strong language and treasonable plots appears not to have penetrated Mr. EYRE's understanding. Even in the case of GORDON, he justifies the sentence, which indeed only carried out his own decision, by quoting the placards and speeches which prove at most that the alleged ringleader of the rebellion was a troublesome demagogue. An address to "the poor people of St. Anne, the starving people of St. Anne," might perhaps have been connected with the disastrous transaction of Morant Bay, if the meeting which GORDON invited his followers to attend had been the same which ended in violence and murder. The summons, however, applied to a meeting in July, which afterwards passed off without any collision. The suspicion that GORDON was privy to the proceedings in October was not supported by any evidence which Mr. EYRE was in a position to tender. For the arrest which was effected by himself, and for the despatch of the prisoner into a district where martial law had been proclaimed, Mr. EYRE fairly avowed that he was responsible. He said that he had exempted Kingston in the proclamation to avoid interruption of business transactions, and that he relied on a colonial Bill of Indemnity to cover any technical irregularity. His approval of the judgment of the Court is evidently not founded exclusively on the evidence, for he still retains his early impression of GORDON's guilt. The credit or blame of all the other acts of vigour which followed the outbreak are attributed by the GOVERNOR to the military authorities.

The highly ambiguous character of martial law becomes still more puzzling under Mr. EYRE's interpretation. He considers that, except perhaps when he was personally present, the officers in command were wholly responsible for their exercise of unlimited power. There is little meaning in the phrase of martial law, as it is generally used to signify the undoubted right of suppressing violence by legitimate force. Officers must exercise a certain discretion in the application of the means within their power to the object of restoring order and tranquillity; but if, in the absence of opposition, they undertake to discharge judicial functions, the Government from which they derive their authority is bound to watch their exceptional administration of justice. Mr. EYRE must have known that, long after open insurrection had ceased, drumhead courts-martial were passing sentences of extraordinary severity on real or suspected criminals. A man who had been employed as a Provost-Marshal declared that he had been occupied in

flogging prisoners from early morning to night, and, by the direction of some superior official, he had inserted piano-wires into his instrument of torture. The capital punishments were almost equally numerous, and they were perhaps more intelligible. Circumstances may occur in which it is a necessary precaution to kill a dangerous enemy; but to flog negroes suspected of disaffection was as useless as to practise against a living target at 400 yards, instead of despatching the prisoner in the ordinary manner. It is evident that neither the GOVERNOR nor his military coadjutors understood the meaning or the purpose of martial law. Their intention was to inflict sudden and exemplary punishment, in disregard of the securities and limits of ordinary law. The practice is almost unknown in England, and the precedents of Continental disturbance and repression had probably induced Mr. EYRE to believe that he was administering a kind of regular, though exceptional, justice. Almost every European Government has within living memory suspended the civil rights of its subjects, and subjected political offenders to the jurisdiction of military tribunals. In England, on the other hand, and in colonies which are governed by English law, courts-martial have no authority to deal with charges against civilians. It is lawful, after due preliminary notice, to fire on a turbulent mob, but when the disturbance has been averted or suppressed, the punishment of the rioters belongs exclusively to the Civil Courts.

The legal Commissioners, as experienced criminal judges, are not unfamiliar with perjury; but their powers of discrimination will have been severely tested by the negro witnesses. In more civilized countries it is reasonable to reject the testimony of a complainant who has sworn to the infliction upon himself of impossible wrongs; but a Jamaica black who has really suffered injustice is almost certain to exceed the truth in his version of the story. It will hereafter be impossible to test the soundness of the Commissioners' Report from the notes of evidence. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY and Mr. MAULE will have a better chance of discovering falsehood by cross-examining the witnesses and observing their demeanour. In all half-civilized countries, as in India, a promise to judge according to evidence can only be approximately kept. The form of the pledge assumes that witnesses, on the whole, tell the truth; and it is therefore inapplicable to a practice of systematic lying. Comparison of proofs, together with liberal admissions on the part of the GOVERNOR and the military officers, will perhaps enable the Commissioners to arrive at an approximately satisfactory conclusion. The apologists of official severity will perhaps be less inaccurate than the blacks; but some of their number are as unreasonable and intemperate as if they had been born in the heart of Africa. A retired Indian officer, who had been employed in a doubtful capacity as a guide or a partisan, thought fit to boast of his questionable exploits in the presence of the Commissioners. Other witnesses will probably exhibit a greater regard for decorum, but many of them have published newspaper accounts or official despatches which will not be easily explained away. Mr. CARDWELL probably acts in accordance with official custom in refusing to lay on the table of the House of Commons the reports of naval officers to the Admiralty; but it is unlucky that almost the only educated witnesses who were unconnected with either party should be prevented from furnishing Parliament with information. The inquiries, however, of the Commission will probably supply the defect.

WAR DRILL AND PARLOUR DRILL.

IT is a peculiarity of English departments that they never condescend to learn from the experience of other countries, and it is probably of little use to call the attention of our military authorities to the hints which may be gathered from the experience of American soldiers, won in a war unprecedented in the magnitude of its operations and in the difficulties of the country in which it was carried on. We are very far from saying that the American drill, developed during four years of the roughest campaigning ever attempted, approaches perfection; but it may be fairly presumed that the exigencies of the occasion applied a very stringent test by which to discriminate between the really serviceable movements available for war and the extremely pretty evolutions which make the British army so perfect on parade. A recent work by an American general of good repute supplies, as well as a mere drill-book can, the means of comparing the system of the Federal armies with that which is deemed perfection by orthodox English officers. The comparison is by no means wholly in favour of the Americans. In almost all details of trifling importance, the much-worshipped Red Book of the British army is probably

superior to the manual by the aid of which the Federal troops forced their way through an almost impassable country to the very heart of the Southern Confederacy. But in the broad principles on which battalions, brigades, and *corps d'armée* are moved, the practice of the Americans commends itself at once by its superior air of reality, in preference to the more refined and finished manœuvres which are in fashion among ourselves. Two or three serious drawbacks have, however, palpably diminished the efficiency of American drill. In the first place, the Americans had to accommodate their system to armies composed in great part of undrilled or half-drilled men, and many movements were consequently rejected in practice which might have been usefully retained if the troops had been sufficiently trained to perform them. This is an inconvenience, however, to which in some measure all nations are inevitably exposed when the drain of war begins to be severely felt, and any simplification of manœuvres which lessens the time required for bringing a recruit into line is an element of strength which ought not to be despised. Another difficulty which was much felt arose from the suddenness with which the call to arms was sounded. The Americans commenced the war with such military provision as they had at hand, and (as might be expected from the Gallican proclivities of the nation) the only books of military instruction known within the States were literal translations of those in use in the French army. Whatever may be the merits of the French system, its elementary framework, at any rate when translated into Yankee-English, is very inferior to the corresponding portion of our own manual, which has a great deal to recommend it. The consequence of this is, that the clumsiness of the American words of command is very obvious by the side of the generally neat forms with which the British soldier has to charge his memory. So far, too, as the elementary drill differs from that in use among ourselves, neither French nor Americans have much to boast of. But all these are extremely small matters, the ultimate working of a company having been conducted substantially on the same principles throughout the civilized world ever since the time of *FREDERICK THE GREAT*. It is only when we come to deal with larger bodies, and to consider the evolutions of battalions and the movements of brigades, that the distinctive methods of different nations make themselves conspicuous, and it is here that we think *General MORRIS*'s experience may be carefully pondered by the authorities of the British army.

The objects of all military training are extremely simple. A very few distinctive formations are all that are needed in actual service. When it is desired to bring every available rifle or bayonet to bear upon an enemy, it is essential that the men should be disposed in line; and though it was until lately a moot point whether the line should be two or three deep, all nations, including the French, have at last come round to what has long been the English system of a two-deep line. Whenever it is found necessary to move large masses of men without scattering them over a distance which it would take a day's marching to cover, the obvious formation of regiments into columns of some kind has been adopted in every civilized army. When roads and thickets have to be traversed, it is equally matter of necessity that the front of the column, or what takes the place of the column, should be made as narrow as may be; and here, again, all armies now agree in disposing their men in an elongated column, four abreast, or in some nearly analogous formation, with an occasional divergence, when required, into a column with only two men abreast, or even into Indian file. Lastly, when dense woods have to be penetrated, or even an advance over open ground made secure against surprise, the universal method is to spread out in front of the compact moving force, whether in column or in line, a body of skirmishers, scattered at intervals of several paces between each man and his neighbour, so as fairly to beat the ground before the army, just as a troop of Norfolk yokels beat the ground for game. The close-knit square for receiving cavalry, in it is not to be regarded as exploded by the improvement of small-arms, may be added as one more among the essential formations of infantry troops. The whole essence of infantry drill consists in the appropriate use of these different formations, and in the methods of passing from one formation to another, or else in changing the local position of the army without altering the formation—as, for example, when the direction of a line has to be changed to the right or the left, to confront the movements of the enemy.

The machinery by which these ends are attained is what constitutes the distinctive drill of a particular army, and it is in this that a useful comparison may be made between the methods of English and American tacticians. The leading

idea of the American drill-book is that to which we have already alluded as a sort of condescension to the imperfection of their troops. Whether they are changing the direction of a line of battle or deploying a column into line, or performing almost any other battalion movement, the method employed is almost invariably the same. The men are moved "in fours," as our technical phrase is—that is, four abreast; and for almost all the purposes of their drill a recruit is fit to take his place in line of battle as soon as he has learned to get into fours and back into line without tumbling into the wrong place or getting in his comrades' way. All soldiers know how extensively the same method is used in our army, but a British recruit has a great deal more to learn before he can get through the commonest evolutions of an ordinary parade. For example, the admirers of the drill of British Grenadiers (and no one can help admiring it on parade) will often have seen a column of eight or ten companies formed into line by each company wheeling like a rigid rod upon one of its extremities. The beauty of this movement is that it cannot be perfectly performed unless the ground is absolutely level, and even then is certain to lose all its precision if a single careless or untaught man is to be found in the company. The greater the difficulty the greater is the merit of those perfect mechanical movements which delight spectators at a Hyde Park review; but the principle of the American drill is to dispense with all needless difficulties, and their method of performing the same manœuvre is to lead each company end on, so to speak, in fours, instead of trying to make a row of some thirty men move as rigidly as the spoke of a wheel. We are not sure that the sacrifice of elegance which this involves is not well compensated by the superior facility of a movement which the rawest recruit can master in a few days, and which can be performed just as well over the roughest ground as on the dead level of an English barrack-yard.

This, however, is only one of the minor illustrations of the broad difference in principle which is to be traced throughout the drill-books of England and America. When an English colonel has to move his battalion on the field, he ordinarily makes the men march in a column of companies, the leading company presenting a front of about thirty men, who have, of course, to be kept exactly dressed in a line at right angles to the direction of the advance. An American commander, also, under similar circumstances, though he generally moves in a snake-like column of fours, as we do in route-marching, will put his men into a column of companies if there is any object in keeping them compact; but then he, as a rule, marches the companies end on or by the flank, and a sort of rough alignment of the leading files of the several companies is sufficient to keep his battalion together. If the ground is rough, or beset with gorse or underwood, the thin ends of his companies make their way through without the slightest difficulty, where the English column advancing to the front would be plunged into terrible confusion. Of course English drill admits of what we have called the American mode of progression, and it is used on occasion; but the difference between the two plans is, that the American tactician selects as his normal mode of advance that which is best adapted to a difficult country, while the English drill-book invariably gives the preference to movements generally impossible except on parade. There are some occasions, too, on which an English colonel would be branded as a heretic if he dared to use the Yankee "end on" mode of moving his men, however troublesome the ground might be. For example, if a regiment has to be deployed from column into line, the several companies, after getting opposite to the position they are going to occupy in the line, are required to move with a broad front into their places, whether the operation may be possible or not. The Americans in performing the same simple movement always, as a matter of course, lead the companies in fours to their final position, and are quite certain of being able to execute the movement, however numerous may be the obstacles round which they have to wind. The objects which *General MORRIS* proposes to himself in his code of drill are stated to be "celerity, simplicity, and the least fatigue to the men"; the objects of the English Manual may be said to be "elegance, neatness, and mechanical precision." This difference is what we mean when we call the one War Drill and the other Parlour Drill; and though the American system is far from attaining the maximum of celerity, and is, perhaps, more afraid of a departure from simplicity than is needful with well-trained troops, the spirit which pervades it might be imported into the English army with manifest advantage.

Probably the desired end would be attained if intelligent commanders were left a little more at liberty to use their discretion in minor details. As it is, they are required invariably to perform a variety of movements in the manner which may

be the most beautiful under favourable circumstances, but which is seldom the most convenient over average ground, and is almost always unnecessarily slow. It is not long since a discussion was raised as to the supposed intention of the authorities to circumscribe the license which some Volunteers have assumed, to move more rapidly and more handily than the rules of the Red Book permit, and we have been told that it was an entire misapprehension to imagine that any intention existed to stiffen the Volunteers with any additional pipeclay. It is very gratifying to believe that the alarm was ill-founded, and the most rigid disciplinarian will probably not be angry at a report which is current that some of the most promising movements of the American drill-book have been tried by a very distinguished colonel with a Volunteer battalion, and that the facility with which the men worked though stiff gorse, in the face of an imaginary enemy, was something quite beyond ordinary English experience. We do not exactly see why a like measure of freedom should not be given to the officers commanding battalions of the line. If we were not too proud to own it, there is much that might be learned in these matters, not from America only, but from the experience of many other countries; and even if the lesson should lead us to give up some of the prettinesses of our regimental drill, the sacrifice might be borne if it made our soldiers twice as quick and twice as handy on the field of battle.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

IT is generally supposed to be a credit to be able to enjoy simple pleasures, but it is not easy, at a moment's notice, to explain what simple pleasures are, or in what they consist. The excitement of a busy social life is said to deprive us of the taste for them, and wealth and frivolity and fashion are often blamed on this account. It would be very cheering to believe that the poor and the unsophisticated have a mine of cheap enjoyment, peculiar to themselves, which makes up to them for the want of more splendid luxury, especially if the capacity for such enjoyment does equal honour to their head and heart. And it is true that the bustle and turmoil of a very active life prevent us from stopping to gather many little flowers by the roadside, which, after all, might be well worth gathering. Every now and then we are reminded of the existence of such pleasures by being brought into contact with those who care for them. Country cousins do a great deal of good in this way. It is a healthy and refreshing thing once or twice a year to meet young people who thoroughly enjoy looking at the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and to whom a day spent in driving to visit the Thames Tunnel is a day to be marked with white chalk. Anybody who derives a keen satisfaction from the dome of St. Paul's or the outside of Buckingham Palace, and whose genuine ambition is to possess the latest likeness of the Princess of Wales with her newest baby, cannot but be worth talking to and fraternizing with, even at a little sacrifice of valuable time. We feel that knowing them and mixing with them ought to do us good, and the thought on such occasions forces itself on us, whether we should not be better and happier beings if St. Paul's and the Tower of London and the Thames Tunnel and the photographs of illustrious infants interested us as much as such things seem to interest them. On one of the foggiest and rainiest days of last winter a clergyman at the East end of London was asked, after concluding a marriage ceremony between two of his parishioners, whether he would like, before adjourning to breakfast, to accompany the newly-wedded pair. On inquiry it turned out that the happy couple proposed to spend a preliminary hour in a very simple sort of pleasure. It consisted in driving in a four-wheeler round Regent's Park; and one of the most striking features about it certainly is, that it appears not in the least to have been affected by the wetness of the weather. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is so constantly inveighing against the stupidity and ostentation of English pleasures, ought to be called upon to state his view of this damp but simple drive. It seems to an impartial spectator to be a sort of model pleasure, at once cheap, domestic, and free from all fictitious excitement; and the presence of a friendly parson on the front seat just lent that tinge of religious sentiment to it which was appropriate to such an eventful day. If simple pleasures are those into which no idea of social ambition or personal advancement enters, surely this may be said to be one. The happy couple felt, it may be, that four-wheeler exercise was the sort of display expected from them in virtue of their station; but in all human probability it was not so much for the sake of ostentation as for the sake of the four-wheeler itself that they embarked in the expedition, and the rain and wind upon the window-glasses could not destroy the pure happiness of those inside. Living among such cheerful and unsophisticated natures, and having the opportunity of contributing to their matrimonial happiness, must be to an East-end rector what the society of country cousins is to other people. They teach him that there are pleasures to be found on wet days in the metropolis, within the reach of every cabstand, of which most of us are ignorant.

As a fondness for simple pleasures is admitted to be a mark of

respectability and virtue, it is worth while discovering what is the test of this simplicity, in order that all of us who wish to be virtuous in their tastes may know how to set about it. Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum, Horace on his Sabine farm, Cincinnatus at his plough, and the King of France who was found playing at horses with his children, are all understood to be instances of men who enjoyed simple pleasures. And, if so, the liking for philosophy, for flowers, for babies, and for pedestrian exercise over heavy arable land, all have something in common of an elevating and creditable character. Yet it must be confessed that Cicero and Horace do not quite come up to one's first notions of simple-minded people. Life at Tusculum, in the midst of the rarest and most valuable books and the finest works of Greek art, with the power at any moment of plunging into the excitements of political life outside, would be a life enjoyable chiefly by a man of much learning and polish. A Sabine farm, on the other hand, in the company of pretty Greek slaves, and the best and choicest wines, is a kind of existence that scarcely requires much moral effort to enjoy. If these pleasures are simple, they are not perhaps inexpensive, nor within the reach of ordinary incomes. It is not every one who can afford to play at being a shepherd in the midst of good-looking and good-natured shepherdesses; and a passion for fruit and flowers which can readily be gratified in the country becomes luxurious when it is transplanted to Belgravia or Mayfair. If luxury and intellectual cultivation and artistic finish are all simple, it ought to be easy for rich and clever men and women to be good. One thing, however, is in such a case tolerably clear—that simple pleasures are not necessarily cheap. Daisies and buttercups can be had without much difficulty anywhere, but roses and geraniums are prettier than daisies, and cannot be obtained in London except at a fair market price. And philosophy and art, or even the study of nature, furnish us with pleasures which, when they are analysed, turn out to be anything but simple in themselves. An acquaintance with the two former is only acquired by long training and culture. It takes a vast amount of education to know and to appreciate a great book, or a consummate work of art. Even the enjoyment of natural scenery presupposes much moral, and perhaps mental, refinement in the person who is capable of it. The beauties of nature cannot be taken by storm. The man who brings most with him to the contemplation of them extracts the most valuable and genuine delight from them, and the glory of a wild sunset or a wide landscape would be more or less thrown away on those in whose minds such a prospect did not call up a train of old associations and old ideas. One proof of the truth of this view seems to be that such pleasures are indefinable and intangible. The reason why they are so is that they are complex and not simple. They depend on the pre-existence in the mind of a thousand delicate notes of feeling and sentiment, which exist there already in a dormant state, and which are vaguely awakened by the suggestive sight of natural beauty, nobody quite knows how. A similar criticism holds good of literary pleasures. It is a proof of the high mental culture of the Athenians that they were able to take a profound interest in the performance of a drama of Sophocles, or a comedy of Aristophanes; but few persons would be bold enough to affirm that such sensibility was a sign of any simplicity at all. Just as the populace of Athens relished the drama, the population of Rome delighted in a gladiatorial show where human life was sacrificed; while the population of Madrid derives sincere satisfaction from a thoroughly bloody bull-fight. Which of the two classes of enjoyment are to be termed the most simple? In the plain sense of the term, certainly the latter. The sight of a fierce and dangerous struggle between a man and a bull appeals more directly to the passions than does the humour of a great humourist, or the tragic pathos of a great tragedian. The sentiment which such a spectacle awakens is again of a plainer, more unvarnished, and less complicated kind. All the gratifications of sense may be said to be simpler and less ingenious and less involved than the gratifications afforded by artistic or intellectual genius. We are driven, accordingly, to the conclusion that simple pleasures, so far from being the most moral and creditable, are the least moral and least creditable of all; or else, if this is not so, that the simple pleasures which we admire so much are, according to the ordinary use of language, the most intricate and the most complex.

In spite of all this unanswerable reasoning, poets and moralists and country cousins would continue doubtless to maintain that the pleasures of fashionable dissipation, as well as those of a busy social or political life, are not simple, and ought to be deemed, from an ethical point of view, inferior to those which are. They admit that to appreciate the delights of a garden, even if it were the garden of Eden, requires a mental and moral training which can only be the result of culture; but they assert, nevertheless, that the pleasure of Adam and Eve was simple, while the pleasures of a London drum are not. The common parlance of mankind seldom draws distinctions where no distinctions really exist; and in deference to general opinion, logic can only set out once more on the trail of simplicity, in the hope of discovering some measure and definition of the term which may hold water. If want of simplicity be a reproach universally directed against fashionable life, we may be sure that the accusation signifies something, and the only question is what it possibly can mean. And social pleasures may certainly be divided into two great classes—the first consisting of pleasures really enjoyed for themselves; the second being made up of those which are pursued for the sake of ulterior objects, such as worldly gain or social

advancement. It is probably to some such division that the use of the term simplicity, in reference to pleasure, vaguely and indistinctly alludes. Pleasures sought for their own sake only may, without impropriety, be called simple, in contradistinction to the spurious or adulterated pleasures which are only valuable as stepping-stones to some other end. One observation that immediately occurs about such a classification is that, for moral purposes, it is a cross division. Most of the enjoyments of sense would fall under the former category, while several virtuous mundane amusements would be banished to the latter. The answer which a country cousin would give to this objection is, however, obvious. No enjoyment of sense, we should be told with some reason, is in itself immoral; it only becomes so when indulged in to excess, or in such a way as to contravene the laws which morality frames in the interest of society at large. People are not to be taken to defend excess or immoderation in simple pleasures, when they point out that fashionable pursuits are not pleasant at all, and would only be tolerated for the sake of the distinction that glitters above the heads of those who are wearily and painfully climbing up the steps of the social or political ladder. The pleasure of standing on the stairs at a crowded evening party, in order that a series of evenings so passed at one great house may entitle one to hope to stand hereafter on an equally crowded staircase in another, would doubtless seem to a philosopher to be anything but genuine. A cigar and a glass of iced water after dinner at the club may well appear a cooler and a more palatable delight. It is, in truth, by undergoing the drudgery that a man learns most vividly to appreciate the relaxation. Nobody probably knows how to estimate the cheap and common happiness of a sedentary position until he has been taught by experience the exquisite torture which an upright posture in a crowded drum is capable of inflicting on the human leg. The occasional visitor to the metropolis can scarcely bring himself to believe that it is worth while enduring it for the sake of figuring next day in the columns of the *Morning Post*. He not irrationally conceives that bipeds were not built by a kind Providence to bear such protracted agonies; and as, in the face of all London, he cannot venture to maintain that people dislike the operation, he falls back on the safe position that the species of pleasure they seem to derive from it is, at all events, not a simple sort of pleasure. After all, give him simple pleasures, and especially pleasures which can be enjoyed sitting. The Tower of London and the Westminster Abbey monuments may not be much, but they rise very distinctly in comparison with the drum, and inflict less unmitigated misery on the spine.

Granting, however, that it may be shown that a large amount of the social fuss and excitement which is politely called pleasure is not pleasure at all, but business, it by no means follows that this is a conclusive argument against it. The country gentleman who advocates simple pleasures is, after all, though perhaps he may not know it, a deplorable epicurean. His notion of life is sitting beside his nectar, and taking it quietly in sufficient quantities, and he finds little difficulty in proving the superior comfort and convenience of his mode of existence. It seems an ungenerous way of aggravating his less fortunate fellow-creatures to go on telling them that they have not a conception of what true pleasure is. They know this as well as he does, and perhaps better. But they have aims in life, and ambitions, and desires from which he is free. They have places to get, or friends to conciliate, or old acquaintances to dazzle, or daughters to marry, or a social status to earn; and none of these prizes are to be won without severe toil. If, in order to cheer themselves during the process, they choose to dignify the task with the name of the pursuit of pleasure, they may be pardoned for a harmless figure of speech, which hurts and deceives nobody. He attacks them on the wrong side. What he is bound to show is, not that such things are not pleasures, for no one seriously maintains them to be such, but that the goal towards which they lead is not worth reaching, and that the crown of all this effort is tawdry and worthless. Those who think that life is short, and that it is hardly worth while sacrificing either comfort or independence for small social ends, will be quite ready to agree with him. But pretended cynics do not always act consistently with their own criticisms. The country mouse has his social and political ambitions, just as much as the town mouse whose exertions he so loudly condemns. The present age is an age of change and confusion, and few are free from the contagion; and the village, the vestry, and the Quarter Sessions are, on a small scale, only an image and echo of what Mayfair and the House of Commons are upon a large one. Those who are busy in the medley, be it small or great, are not such fools as to mistake their work for pleasure, though they may not be wise enough to have a philosophic view as to the real ends of life.

DIPLOMACY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

THE line between tact and artifice, between discretion and craftiness, is one that it is not always easy to define. Everybody agrees that an artful nature is the meanest and most unmanly of all human dispositions, just as everybody allows that a person of tact is sure to get on in the world, and that he deserves the success which he has honestly earned. Those who are habitually sour and peevish, or who denounce as dishonest and insincere everything but blunt, rude, naked truth, may perhaps maintain that tact and artfulness are one and the same thing, only in the former case with its ugliness concealed under a

pleasant name. Just as in the political world there are certain persons who insist that diplomacy is only the art of spinning cobwebs, which may give employment to highly-paid spiders and catch the sillier sort of flies, but which a plain man immediately demolishes with a single flourish of a broom, so in ordinary social life it is the humour of a certain class to disparage anything like a roundabout way of approaching a desired position. They sneer at tact as a Manchester Radical sneers at notes and protocols and ultimatums and wranglings about precedence at Court. If you want a thing, ask for it. If you have anything to say, declare it. If you hold an opinion about anybody, be sure to let him or her know it. Life conducted on these principles would not be exactly a bed of roses, and the man who attempted it would deserve the fate which befel the cavilling demigod who would have it that men, to be perfectly organized for society, ought to have windows in their breasts, through which all their neighbours might see their inmost designs. The reputation of being a keen satirist may be very cheaply earned by any novelist who chooses to supply his characters with those windows which Momus desired, while at the same time he takes the precaution of depriving them all of the power of seeing through the windows of their neighbours. He and the reader have a kind of divine gift for the time being, and enjoy complacent chucklings together over the blunderings and blindness of the amiable fools who do not perceive the evil schemes on which the people around them are intent. There are thus two views—one, that everybody ought ostentatiously to insist upon undergoing a constant inspection of all his intentions and motives; and the other, that it is very well for the general peace of mankind that no such inspection is possible, because all men and women are busily engaged in little diplomatic plots and manoeuvres for the success of which secrecy is quite essential. As usual, there is some truth in each of the conflicting notions. People very often take needless pains to cover up their plans and their motives, exactly as diplomatists do; and it would be much better both for themselves and for others, and would much simplify life, if they went to work frankly and openly. And, on the other hand, it is evident enough that most of us at one time or another indulge in designs which it would be inconvenient or even fatal to disclose, and which, therefore, are judiciously covered with the cloak of diplomatic reserve, or, at all events, are only gradually unfolded with all due diplomatic formality. Nearly everybody feels, under certain circumstances, that the art of dexterously fencing with friends and enemies alike has its value. One does not at every juncture feel a call either to clasp a friend to one's bosom, or to run an enemy through the body and leave him dead on the ground. To be able to keep a neat guard against the affectionate but unseasonable importunities of the one, as well as against the ill-natured assaults of the other, is a gift which is frequently of the highest value even to the most guileless and least deceitful of men. The forms of social diplomacy, then, have their uses in every sort of intercourse, whether with friends, with enemies, or with that huge majority who can only be classed as neutrals. In other words, in every social relation it is good to observe a measure of reserve, and not too hastily to discard stately usages, because they may be called pompous, and a decent ceremoniousness, because it appears hollow and meaningless.

A cynic, or a boisterous lover of what he barbarously styles naturalism, may exclaim against the folly of a number of elderly gentlemen sitting round a table with the object of settling great questions, and each of them doing his best to conceal the true aim which is at his heart under a cloud of courteous and long-winded forms. This, says the one, is a fine illustration on a large scale, and with very conspicuous actors, of the irony of life. You are all going through the world saying one thing and meaning another, hiding hatreds under seemly phrases, gilding a profound indifference with the graceful pretences of friendship, and each one steadily pursuing his particular selfish aim on affected principles of justice and honour. After all, if we concede to our pleasant interlocutor that all mankind are thus knavish and hypocritical, an admirable case might still be made out for the recourse to forms and ceremonies which hide anything so repulsive and ugly as this state of feeling. But the position is scarcely worth disputing. It would be a cruelty to rob anybody who occupies it of the heartfelt solace which it must give him in all his dealings with his kind. He at least knows that he is never taken in by the demonstrations of kindness and good-will and self-denial pretentiously made by his rascally neighbours. The idea that form is only another way of writing fraud, and that everybody who is not blunt and rude is insincere, is so truly gratifying that no one who has suffered himself to be lapped in such a delusion would thank one for awaking him. But people who do not altogether yield to this nonsense about the irony of life very often have a modified notion that it is not quite right to practise those little *ménagemens* which consist in keeping back this, and bringing into a rather stronger light that, and putting a touch of artificial colour into the other. They are prone to conceive that decoration and contrivance turn life into something too like a stage-play. Existence is, they say, too serious a matter for people to put rouge on their cheeks, and wear theatrical periwigs, and discourse in sesquipedalian talk. This, however, is to overlook the true difference between a play-actor and a diplomatist. The latter does not pretend to be somebody else than the person he really is. He only keeps back a part of his mind or intention. Civilized nations find many advantages in covering up the greater part of the human frame, but they are not on that account abused for being theatrical and artificial; nor is it usual to assume that clothing is a device resorted to in order to

conceal physical deformities. Surely it is as unjust to suspect every man who does not wear his heart upon his sleeve of being a crafty villain.

The marks of a good diplomatist have been held to include an agreeable address, an art of winning confidence, the knack of catching the tone of any given society. In the transactions of private life all these qualities seem to be summed up in the word "tact." It has been observed by a great historian that diplomatists, as a class, have not been distinguished for "generous enthusiasm or austere rectitude." And among social diplomatists equally, perhaps, one might observe the same absence of these distinctions. But then not only among professional diplomatists, but among the whole run of mankind, the virtues of generous enthusiasm and austere rectitude are exceptional, and not universal characteristics. Are haberdashers or lawyers or parsons or tailors conspicuous, as classes, for their generous enthusiasm and austere rectitude? This is only an illustration of a very common tendency to snub the minor virtues simply because they are not the greatest, or do not drag the greatest in their train. A vulgar mind refuses to believe that these skilful diplomatists, the men of tact and popularity, who play their cards well, are sincere, and is glad to think they are devoid of the sublimer sort of good qualities, on exactly the same principle as that which makes him incredulous that a man of vivacious manner and keen interests in a multitude of things can be a good scholar or a person of erudition. If a man is only a morose and scowling pedant, people of this stamp are willing to believe anything you like to tell them of his profound attainments. It is a great comfort to be thus able to fall heavily upon a little virtue by talking of a very big one. The possession of pleasant diplomatic manners and the knack of being all things to all men, of course within honest bounds, can be made to appear very small affairs indeed if you begin to measure the possessor by the standard of Joan of Arc or Socrates; and, in doing this very thing, you have raised yourself to a great height in the diplomatic art, but on its meanest and ugliest side. The truth is, the grander virtues are only available on grand occasions. One cannot be generously enthusiastic every day of one's life. Neither does every imaginable position or every possible topic give room for an exhibition of austere rectitude. But there is no part or detail of a man's conduct which is not affected by his view of the use and lawfulness of social diplomacy, which, after all, is only another name for the discreet and successful management of his everyday relations with the world. "If," to borrow the language of Sir Thomas More, "when one of Plautus's comedies is on the stage, and a company of servants are acting their parts, you should come out in the garb of a philosopher, and repeat out of *Octavia* a discourse of Seneca's to Nero, had it not been better for you to have said nothing than, by mixing things of such different nature, to have made such an impertinent tragi-comedy?" Put in this way, there is not much doubt as to the answer which the most blind and unintelligent of men would return. It certainly would be better to have said nothing. But those who are all against diplomatic fencing, and diplomatic address and tact, would of course object very strenuously to all comparison of life with a comedy. We ought to be clad in the garb of philosophers, and to repeat only philosophic discourses. The only reply to this is, that we are not all strung up to the high philosophic pitch. Horace Walpole said that life, though a tragedy to those who feel, is a comedy to those who think. This is true at least of the ordinary superficial intercourse of men. It is preposterous to growl and grumble because they seem to be playing at cross-purposes with one another, and getting themselves into all sorts of fixes and scrapes, and making a way out of them by clever tricks and crafty devices which do not quite square with the very sublimest first principles. We may wish very sincerely that people would desist from getting into fixes in their relations with others. It would be ever so much better for them, ever so much better for the world too, if they followed steady philosophic precepts. Only, as they do not, we must take them and the world as we find them.

Women are universally admitted to be the adroitest masters of the diplomatic art. They play the part in the comedy of modern life which was allotted in the drama of less civilized ages to *Davus* and to *Syrus*, and they play it much better. The heroine of *Vanité Fair* is more entertaining than *Davus* or *Syrus*, because she works naturally and easily, and without resorting to the coarse expedients of lying, or stealing, or worse. All is effected by real finesse; and, above everything, women are perfect in what has been justly called the most subtle of all forms of finesse—"de savoir bien feindre de tomber dans les pièges qu'on nous tend." The skill of the diplomatist can go no further than this. Whether it is artifice or tact is one of those nice questions which it is perhaps not consistent with the rules of gallantry to examine too closely.

MARY BOLEYNE.

THERE are perhaps a good many people who do not know that there ever existed such a person as Mary Boleyn; and we suspect that scarcely anybody is aware of the important part which she indirectly played in the affair of the divorce of Henry VIII. from his first Queen, Catharine of Aragon. Scraps of information about her will probably turn up as the Calendar of State Papers proceeds, but as yet we in vain look for the name in the documents from the Record Office which Mr. Brewer has analysed. No doubt, in future volumes of this work, as well as

in the Records of the Reformation which it is understood that the Delegates of the Oxford Press have in hand, we shall find all that can be ascertained about her. But as, in all probability, we shall have to wait three or four years before the information is made public, it may be interesting to anticipate those volumes, and to explain how far Mary Boleyn was concerned in the great events of the sixteenth century.

First of all, however, we must correct an error into which Mr. Brewer has fallen in regard to this lady. We have said that her name does not appear in the Records. It occurs, however, in the index to his first volume of State Papers, and the reference given is to Nos. 5,483, 5,484 of his Series of Documents. The first of these enumerates among the "Gentlewomen who were appointed to have abidden in France with the French Queen," the name of "M. Boleyn"; and the other, consistently enough, repeats "Madaemoiselle Boleyn." Now Herbert says—and it has been repeated without question from that day to this—that "Mistress Anne Boleyn went to France with Mary the French Queen, 1514, as is proved by divers principal authors, both English and French, besides the manuscripts I have seen." But it has always been a difficulty that the date assigned by Camden for her birth—namely, 1507, or even the earlier date of Herbert, 1501—is scarcely compatible with the fact of her being selected for the post of attending on the young Queen of France. On the most probable supposition, Anne could scarcely have been fourteen years old at the time of her selection, and a strong probability is made out, as no Christian name appears in either document, that the maid of honour was not Anne, but her elder sister, Mary. This plausible argument has misled Mr. Brewer, who, in a note to his Preface, p. lxx., says:—"I take this opportunity of correcting a common error. It was not Anne, but Mary Boleyn, her elder sister, who attended the Princess into France; and no doubt it is Mary, and not Anne Boleyn, who was *filie d'honneur* to Margaret of Savoy." Mr. Brewer's conclusion must be admitted to be reasonable, though he has expressed it in too strong language. The fact is not as he states, for no one denies that it is the same Mistress Boleyn, whether Mary or Anne, who was in the service of Queen Claude, the daughter of Louis XII., and wife of Francis I., and afterwards in that of Margaret Duchess of Alençon. And the truth of the matter is established once for all by a note at p. 10 of Mr. Stevenson's Foreign Series of Elizabeth. There we have a letter quoted from Throgmorton to Cecil, which reports a conversation the writer had just had with the Duchess of Ferrara. The Duchess says, "There was an old acquaintance betwixt the Queen her mother and me, when she was one of my sister Queen Claude's maids of honour."

The earliest authentic notice of Mary Boleyn as yet known is among the papers in the Record Office. It appears that in the autumn of 1520 a project was set on foot for marrying her to Sir Piers Butler, son of Lord Ormond. About twelve months afterwards we find the same marriage is on the *tapis*; but, though Wolsey promises to endeavour to bring it about, it never took place, for Mary Boleyn was soon afterwards married to William Carey, Esq., who died of the sweating sickness in June, 1528. During her marriage with William Carey, she bore two children. After his death she was privately married, in 1535, to Sir William Stafford. By this union she appears to have offended the King, and highly incensed her younger sister, who was at that time Queen. The enmity between the sisters is not easily accounted for, unless the story which is told by the Roman Catholic historian Sanders be true. The story is extremely probable, but cannot be regarded as certain, for it does not rest on any absolutely contemporary evidence. He says that, when it became plain that the divorce was to be accomplished for the sake of compassing the marriage with her sister Anne, Mary Boleyn consoled the Queen with the assurance that the union never could take place, because she would always be ready to affirm that Henry had contracted affinity with Anne Boleyn by his illicit intercourse with herself. Sanders is wrong in assigning the motive of *spretæ injuria forme*, for she appears to have been on good terms with the King, who had been present at her nuptials, and had actually performed the part of giving away the bride. He is, perhaps, more nearly right in attributing her conduct to jealousy of a sister who despised her. But the important part of the story is the fact which it contains which has been so much disputed, but which now rests on unimpeachable evidence. It is unfortunate for Sanders that he damaged his own story by the addition of a similar accusation against Henry, of adulterous intercourse with Lady Boleyn—a charge which he further embellished by calling Anne the King's daughter. The accusation of adultery might possibly have been true, though it was absolutely impossible that Anne could be his daughter. But, in point of fact, it is probably untrue; for Henry himself denied it, under circumstances where there was nothing to be gained by telling a lie. There is in the Record Office a letter of Throgmorton to the King, in which he gives in detail an account of a conversation he had held with Sir John Dingley, in which Throgmorton related to Dingley what had passed between himself and the King as to the project of the marriage with Anne Boleyn. "I said to him that 'I told your Grace I feared if you did marry Queen Anne your conscience would be more troubled at length, for that it is thought you have meddled both with the mother and the sister.' And his Grace said, '*Never with the mother,*' and my Lord Privy Seal, standing by, said, '*Nor never with the sister neither, and therefore put that out of your mind.*'" That the King made Throgmorton retract what he had said is quite unimportant to the argument.

The thing was said, and shows that the idea was in people's minds at the time, whether true or not.

Cardinal Pole, in his celebrated work *De Unitate Ecclesie*, charges Henry distinctly with the intercourse with Mary Boleyn, thereby proving at least that he did not believe that the connection with her mother admitted of proof, and showing at the same time that he fully believed that with the daughter. Moreover, the expression he makes use of is much stronger than was at all necessary for his argument. "*Quam tu violasti primum et diu loco concubina habuisti*" is not a mode of expression which the Cardinal would have adopted in a doubtful case. We need not interpret the word *violasti* in its strictly literal sense; but the latter part of the sentence could never have been written by Pole unless the affair had been notorious. As regards the sneering accusation brought against Pole, that he pretends the matter was revealed to him by God, it is plain that no such charge could have been made by any one who had read the work *De Unitate Ecclesie* with tolerable attention; for Pole does not pretend that the revelation was made to him in any supernatural way, but only through the ordinary means of communication between man and man.

And now let us turn to the words of the bull of conditional dispensation for the marriage with Anne, on the supposition that that with Catharine of Aragon should have been proved invalid. Let it be remembered that the copy was drawn up in England, sent to Rome, signed by the Pope, and returned to England, and that a copy of it, with objections made to it on the King's part, is still in the Record Office. The conditional permission is given for the marriage with any woman, "*etiamsi mulier ipsa talis sit que prius cum alio matrimonio contraxerit, dummodo illud carnali copula non fuerit consummatum, etiamsi illa tibi alias secundo aut renociori consanguinitatis aut primo affinitatis gradu, etiam ex quocumque licito vel illicito coitu proveniente invicem conjuncta, dummodo relicta dicti fratris tui non fuerit.*"

Now the King wanted to marry Anne Boleyn, and it was reputed that he had been connected with her sister Mary. What was more likely, if this was the case, than that the King should try to provide for the difficulty? The only imaginable reply is that the dispensation was couched in a form of words that was usually employed on such occasions. So far, however, from this being the case, we venture to challenge the production of another document issuing from any Pope which bears any resemblance to this form. M. Theiner's recent volume of *Monumenta Vaticana* is crowded with matrimonial dispensations, all precisely resembling each other, none at all resembling the celebrated Conditional Dispensation. The case seems tolerably complete, but, that nothing may be wanting, we may just add—what even Roman Catholic historians have omitted to notice—that this dispensation was drawn up in England by Foxe, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, during Wolsey's absence on the Continent, and was committed to Knight by the King to be conveyed to Rome, with the instruction that it was to be kept secret from Wolsey. Wolsey was abroad, hoping soon to negotiate a marriage between Henry and a French princess, if he could in any way compass the divorce from Catharine. And it was not till after his return that he was informed of the inflexible virtue of Anne Boleyn, and the provision that had been made for her becoming the Queen, as she rigorously refused to be the mistress of Henry.

Lastly, we may observe that Cranmer knew the fact of the connection with Mary Boleyn. In proof of this we appeal to an unprinted document in the Cottonian Library: Vespasian, B. V. This volume, which is marked on the fly-leaf "T. Cantuarien." in Cranmer's own hand, contains the argument he drew up for the King's case. It is entitled "*Articuli duodecim ex quibus plane admodum demonstratur divorcium inter Henricum Octavum Anglie Regem nobilissimum et serenissimam Katharinam necessario esse faciendum.*" Of the twelve articles of which it consists, the last seven are directed to prove the consummation of the first marriage of Catharine with Prince Arthur, and to point out the bearings of the fact so established on the rights of the case. The first five are of a preliminary nature, and if there is any other explanation of them than that they are intended to provide against the connection with Mary Boleyn being allowed to be an impediment to the contemplated marriage with Anne, we confess we shall be glad to see it. The headings of the articles are as follows:—

- 1. Affinitas que divino et naturali jure impedit ne matrimonium contrahatur, et contractum dirimit, solo nuptiali federe inducitur.
- 2. Substantia matrimonii, verum perfectumque conjugium sola conjugali pactione et non carnali copula efficitur.
- 3. Vir et uxor solo federe conjugali, Deo inprimis operante, una mens e una caro fiunt.
- 4. Carnalis copula affinitatem solo jure ecclesiastico repertam inducit.
- 5. Affinitas solo carnis concubitu orta, sanctione humanâ solum impedit, ne matrimonium contrahatur, et contractum dissolvit.

We can easily imagine certain Protestants, who have a respect for the character of the first so-called Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, maintaining that it is impossible such a man could have lent himself to so infamous a transaction. But, alas, Cranmer's character, like that of other persons who have figured in the world's history, must submit to be judged by the inexorable logic of facts. And if it should be urged that no one in face of such a document would attempt his defence, we reply that the defence of Henry, on the ground of the amazing effrontery which his conduct would have shown if he had asked the Pope to pronounce one marriage void and establish another to which the very same impediment of affinity existed, stands precisely on the same footing with such a defence of Cranmer. Mr.

Froude, in an elaborate note at the end of the fourth volume of his History, relies on this argument—for he produces no other that is worth answering—for his disbelief of the whole story. He thinks the effrontery would have been incredible. Our readers must, we think, be of opinion that the effrontery is established, and that it is only the incredibility that has disappeared.

MR. COLEMAN AT THE OLD BAILEY.

IN order to appreciate the full significance of Mr. Deputy-Recorder Chambers's sentence on Mr. Coleman, convicted of a most scandalous libel on Mr. Sothorn the actor, it will be necessary to recall the antecedents of the case. Mr. Benjamin Coleman is a regular contributor to the *Spiritual Magazine*, and he usually furnishes an article under the general title, "Passing Events—Spread of Spiritualism." In the last October number of that amusing publication we find the first notice of the connection of Mr. Sothorn, the well-known Lord Dundreary of the Haymarket, with what the Deputy-Recorder thinks proper to call the philosophic and scientific subject of spiritualism. Mr. Coleman published an extract from a Scarborough newspaper, containing an account of a private *seance* assembled by Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Addison, at which they produced all the manifestations of floating about the room, and so on, familiar to those who have concerned themselves with the ridiculous exhibitions of Mr. Home and the Davenport. Upon this Mr. Coleman remarked that, if these accounts were true, those persons possessed powers equal to the best mediums, but that they had not the ability to recognise or the honesty to admit it. That is to say, though Messrs. Sothorn and Addison disclaimed any belief in spiritualism, and knew that what they did was done by ordinary and mechanical means, they were involuntary mediums, but dishonestly and fraudulently denied their powers.

In the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine* Mr. Coleman took up his parable again; and, after stating that Mr. Sothorn, under the name of Stuart, had formed one of a party of spiritualists in America, and had all along claimed to be, and had been recognised as, a medium, repeated his assertion that, in affecting to deny his own great spiritual powers, Mr. Sothorn was nothing more than an impostor.

This December article of Mr. Coleman's, entitled the "Miracle Circle," was reprinted in the papers at Glasgow, where Mr. Sothorn was acting; and in the *Evening Citizen* Mr. Sothorn replied to Mr. Coleman. In this letter Mr. Sothorn gives an account of his alleged spiritualist doings in America. He says that he and some of his friends "joined in a thorough practical and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of 'spiritualism.' We were quite ready for either result—to believe it if it were true, to reject it if found false; and in the latter case to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings; at these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing, not only all the wonderful 'manifestations' of the professional 'media,' but other effects still more startling. . . . We outdid everything ever attempted or accomplished by Home or the Davenports, or any of the other more notorious spiritual exhibitors. Not the least of our discoveries was that the whole thing was a myth. . . . These *stances* were commenced in a spirit of legitimate investigation; they were continued for the sake of the amusement. . . . We took no money directly or indirectly. . . . We did put pens under the table, and got signatures of Shakspeare and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we did produce spirit-hands and spirit-forms; people did float in the air; at least we made our audience believe they did. . . . How we succeeded in doing this. . . . I do not intend to explain. . . . We *did* them; how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. . . . I have recognised the difference between performing an interesting and amusing delusion, to entertain myself and a private company, and swindling the public by taking guineas from people for showing them, as 'spiritual manifestations,' feats which I could perform by physical and mechanical forces of my own. . . . I look upon every spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. . . . The history of spiritualism in this country and America is, on the one hand, a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, and irreligion; and, on the other, of fraud, and impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. . . . I denounce spiritualism, after a practical investigation of it, as a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle."

To this letter Mr. Coleman replied by reprinting it in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January, and by repeating his conviction that Mr. Sothorn was a medium *malgré lui*. In the February *Spiritual Magazine* Mr. Coleman dedicates some twenty pages to Mr. Sothorn, in the course of which he denounces Mr. Sothorn as a wilful liar, and publishes an extract from the *New York Sunday Times*, which distinctly charges Mr. Sothorn with the crime of violating or abusing the person of a young actress when under the mesmeric influence. For this libel Mr. Sothorn immediately commenced criminal proceedings against Mr. Coleman and the publishers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, as well as against the publisher of the *Spiritual Times*, for reprinting the article from the *New York Times*. On Monday, the 19th of February, the case against Mr. Cooper, the proprietor of the

Spiritual Times, and "representative of the Davenport Brothers," was heard at the Marylebone Police Court. Mr. Cooper instantly caved in. He tendered a very humble apology to Mr. Sothern; he was absent in Dublin when his newspaper was published in London; he did not know the contents of his paper. Nevertheless he was just as responsible as the author of the libel; for, as Mr. Knox observed, "Mr. Cooper would have been acting *bona fide*, when he felt he had done Mr. Sothern a wrong as atrocious as it is possible for one man to commit towards another, if he had at once taken the most prompt steps and found out the person who inserted, or caused to be inserted, anything so scurrilous and vile, and turned him adrift at once. If you ask me to believe that the proprietor of the publication took so little interest in his publication that he did not know what it contained, I candidly tell you I don't believe it. It is ridiculous to tell me that a man, as proprietor of a paper, does not see a copy of it. I have no hesitation in saying that the statement is a most scandalous libel. . . . The case must go for trial." Mr. Sothern, however, was not vindictive, and, accepting Mr. Cooper's lame and halting apology, abandoned further proceedings against him.

On Wednesday, the 22nd of February, the case against Coleman, the writer, and Messrs. Kent, the publishers, of the *Spiritual Magazine*, was heard at the Mansion House. In the course of the inquiry it appeared that, on first reading the libel in the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. Sothern immediately wrote to the proprietors of the *Times*, requesting them to withdraw a special advertisement of the contents of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The *Times* did this; whereupon Mr. Coleman, under the name of the writer of the article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, published a letter in the *Times*, stating that he "was prepared to justify every word published in the *Spiritual Magazine* respecting Mr. Sothern." The Lord Mayor remitted the case for trial. On Thursday, the 1st of March, counsel at the Old Bailey Sessions applied for a postponement of the trial, on the ground of an affidavit of Coleman, in which he stated that since the day of his commitment he had "received very important information touching the subject-matter of the alleged libel from a Mrs. Roberts, also from a Mr. Robertson, both Americans . . . that he was desirous of instituting further inquiries in New York before he could decide whether he should put on record a plea of justification." It will be seen that Coleman's counsel pointedly left the question of the truth of the alleged libel open, although Coleman had, in his letter to the *Times*, pledged himself to its truth as a matter already fully ascertained by him. To this application the answer of Mr. Sothern's counsel was easy:—"Mr. Sothern had been charged with rape. Instead of saying—I got this article from an American paper; I never originated it; I should be very sorry if what I said was wrong, Coleman writes to the *Times* declaring that he could prove every word of it. Now he comes forward and says that the information upon which he could defend himself could only be obtained, if obtained at all, by delay." It is almost needless to say that the application for postponement failed. The Deputy-Recorder said:—"When a man publishes a personal libel he ought to be prepared to justify it at the moment; it would be a grievous wrong, considering the nature of the libel, to allow the defendant to fish out evidence in America."

And here we may note that the very next case which came before the Deputy-Recorder was an indictment against a woman named Kennedy, for publishing a libel against a married woman named Pittendreigh, in which she was charged with being "an eternal pest to the neighbourhood," "an Irish blackguard with a vagabond Scotch husband," coupled with an insinuation that the prosecutrix had some guilty knowledge of the great gold-dust robberies. The prisoner admitted the libel, and was sentenced by the Deputy-Recorder to imprisonment for a month. We mention this little incident for a purpose.

On Saturday, March the 3rd, Benjamin Coleman was tried. By his counsel, Mr. Montague Chambers, the defendant pleaded guilty. Through his counsel he whined out a very reluctant apology:—"He felt that a verdict must be given of guilty. He distinctly disavowed any intention to charge Mr. Sothern with the very fearful offence that might be imputed by the words complained of. He exonerated Mr. Sothern fully from the charge. Unfortunately and improperly, Mr. Coleman had embodied in his article the charge made in the *New York Sunday Times*. Mr. Coleman had then said that he was prepared to prove what he had written; but what he meant by this was, that he was prepared to prove everything connected with spiritualism, but not those two paragraphs from the *New York newspaper*. Mr. Coleman thought that, by putting in asterisks, the imputation would be shorn of its force. This was all that the libeller could say for himself. The Deputy-Recorder thereupon fined Mr. Benjamin Coleman fifty pounds, and in passing sentence he took occasion to observe "that the libel was a very gross one. . . . But the question was not whether the libel was published, or whether it was false and scandalous, for that was beyond doubt, but what punishment was to be imposed." And then the learned judge proceeded to extenuate Mr. Coleman's guilt. "It all arose out of a psychological controversy; it gradually grew warmer and warmer; it culminated in a most scandalous libel. . . . I confess that I am rather disposed to be a believer in spiritualism, though I never saw anything of it. . . . This is not a libel prompted by personal and individual malice against Mr. Sothern. . . . You were gradually provoked into it. . . . I must mark my sense of the very serious error you committed in overstepping the bounds of philo-

sophical discussion by a personal attack on private character. You are fined 50l."

The conclusion, then, is that, according to Mr. Deputy-Recorder Chambers, Common-Serjeant, &c., a wealthy stockbroker may be so far provoked by the heat of a psychological and philosophical discussion as to charge his philosophical opponent with committing rape, at the cheap outlay of 50l., while a poor but foul-mouthed scold in low life must not call her neighbour "an eternal pest" and "an Irish blackguard" without going to prison for a month. It is far less culpable in an educated and rich man deliberately to charge an actor with rape than in a vixen to insinuate that her fellow-lodger knows something about a robbery. Can it be that the difference is that Mr. Deputy-Recorder is rather disposed to believe in spiritualism, while he has no amiable weakness towards larceny? We must say that Mr. Coleman is to be very sincerely congratulated. He has committed a most flagrant wrong against his neighbour. He justified it, and gloried in it. It was only when hunted from every hole that he turned craven at last. Throughout the whole proceedings he did everything that he could to increase the enormity of his offence. But he was tried before a judge who had not the prudence to hold his tongue about his leanings towards Mr. Coleman's philosophy and psychology. He has got off at a very cheap figure; and whenever he is again disposed to be "gradually provoked" by the sceptical generation who think that spiritualism is "a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle," he may be "tempted once more to go beyond the pale of philosophical criticism," and may charge somebody else with theft, murder, or adultery, now that he knows that he may accuse his neighbour of rape, if not with impunity, at least at the reasonable outlay of 50l.

DR. WHEWELL.

BY the death of the Master of Trinity, Cambridge loses a man whose reputation was deservedly great, and was everywhere intimately associated with that of the University. Universities, indeed, have occasionally had but a small share in forming the character or the intellect of some of the men who reflect a certain glory upon them. But no dispute can be raised as to the claim of Cambridge to incorporate the reputation of Dr. Whewell in its own. For fifty years he was a member of the University, and during a very large part of that time its most prominent member. He imbibed, as it were, a double portion of its spirit, and exerted a greater influence upon it in return than any other individual. In a body which has so much diversity of character, it would be impossible to take any one man as a perfect type of its peculiarities; but many of the peculiarities which we attribute to Cambridge men in general found a very fit representative in Dr. Whewell, and they are peculiarities in which Cambridge men may, not without reason, take some pride. The greatest faults of which he was accused were connected with a certain roughness of manner, due perhaps partly to early education, and partly to the trying position of a man habitually entitled by academical etiquette, not less than by intellectual superiority, to demand a certain homage from most of those who surrounded him. Cambridge men, however, are inclined to prefer an excess of roughness to the opposite excess, and they are certainly right in their preference when the superficial asperity is combined with such massive strength of character as was manifested in Dr. Whewell. His great physical power indicated a corresponding moral and mental vigour. His tall erect figure, giving evidence of unusual vital power at an advanced age, was singularly impressive; he seemed to tower a head and shoulders above any of his colleagues; and one could believe the various anecdotes, of more or less authenticity, setting forth his early prowess in a physical as well as in an intellectual capacity. Though he could never have been a handsome man, his face had always the same pervading expression of concentrated power. It will be long before the gap will be quite filled up for those in whose mental pictures of all University meetings he had become a central figure. A man of so robust a constitution in all respects could hardly avoid coming into rather sharp collision at times with those who were unfortunate enough to encounter him. But the superabundant strength was combined with a thorough magnanimity; his blows might be heavy, but they were never foul; he was entirely free from any of those petty jealousies and prejudices to which men of equal intellectual ability are sometimes prone; and every one felt that, beneath the superficial harshness, he was a generous and large-hearted man. As he grew older, the roughness, of which we have possibly said too much, became visibly softened; and of late years he was regarded throughout the University, as well as in the great College with which his name was specially identified, with a pride strongly mixed with affection. No one could bear any malice against a nature so manly and so incapable of meanness. Those who were nearer to him knew also that he was as warm-hearted as he was rigorous. It might have been said of him in the little world of Cambridge, as was said of Lord Palmerston in reference to the country at large, and with at least equal truth, that whatever complaints might be made by captious men, they were all proud of him at heart. The Master of Trinity had become, as it were, the intellectual champion of the University; the man to whom every one could point with some satisfaction, as a worthy representative of the highest kind of intellectual culture. And, indeed, he was almost the only man who could be so exhibited to the outside world. There are many men in Cambridge who have

won very high distinction in different special studies, but there is no one left of whom it can be said that he has produced a powerful impression upon the main currents of English thought.

The life of a college dignitary has certain temptations, which it requires unusual power to surmount. There is the temptation of unlimited leisure, which is within the reach of Professors and Heads of Houses. It is possible, though of course it rarely happens, that a man holding one of those delightful offices may resign himself to literary indolence, and produce a less abundant crop than he would have borne under the more exciting stimulus of professional life elsewhere. It has perhaps occasionally happened, as no human institutions are perfect, that a mastership has acted as a kind of intellectual extinguisher, because it left no very pressing motive for exertion. There is another danger not unknown to men living in a small and very critical coterie; they have before their minds so high an ideal of perfection, and such an unlimited time for working it out, that they are more apt to design important works than to perfect them. They are never satisfied with the degree of polish obtainable here below. Dr. Whewell's mind was cast in far too vigorous a mould to be sensitive to such temptations as these. He was rather inclined to be over rash than to stand too long shivering on the brink. He plunged boldly into a number of topics which make the reader almost tremble at his audacity. The list of his works includes treatises on mathematics, from the most elementary to the highest branches; works on jurisprudence and morality; metaphysical discussions, short pieces on political economy and upon architecture, and even respectable experiments in poetry. In the midst of his writing, too, he found leisure to gain reputation as a builder; and the "Master's Hostel" will long remain as a visible proof of his taste and public spirit. It is a bold thing for a man in these days to take all knowledge for his province; but Dr. Whewell, not content with his general survey of the inductive sciences, undertook with equal ardour all kinds of metaphysical and moral investigations. This is not the place to speak of the inaccuracies which were almost inevitably overlooked in such a bird's-eye view of the field of human knowledge. Men living in the comparative seclusion of a University, and especially men surrounded by the peculiar prejudices of Cambridge, are apt to put a somewhat undue value upon scrupulous accuracy of detail. They delight in becoming perfectly familiar with the remotest ramifications of some favourite subject, and regard with exaggerated contempt any tendency towards vaguer generalities. Such men might criticize with very great justice many of Dr. Whewell's works—especially when, as it seemed in pure gaiety of heart, he invaded provinces of knowledge with which he had little familiarity. But such an example as that set by Dr. Whewell was of extreme value, if merely in contrast to this prevailing tendency. He did much towards preserving a more enlightened view of education, where many people are inclined to think little of any knowledge that is not cut into convenient shreds for the purposes of competitive examinations. The new triposes, which Dr. Whewell chiefly helped to introduce, have not as yet been successful; but they are important as recognising a wider and more generous view of the purposes of a University than are usually entertained by people fixed down to the routine of education. The intrinsic value of Dr. Whewell's more ambitious works will, of course, be very differently estimated; the philosophical school to which he belonged is not that which is at the present day predominant. He was the strongest opponent of those opinions of Mr. Mill which, whatever their truth may be, undeniably set the fashion for the greatest number of modern thinkers. But the respect with which Mr. Mill invariably treats his antagonist is some proof, to those who most differ from him, of the importance of his antagonist's works. It would speak badly for the condition of the English intellect if we could supply no philosophers capable of arguing to effect in these loftier regions of speculation; and Dr. Whewell's extraordinary knowledge and great vigour enabled him to take at least a very prominent part in the contest, whether the victory is considered to remain with him or not.

It is, perhaps, not fanciful to trace something of his character, not only in the confidence which led him to undertake such discussions, but in the peculiar turn which he gave to them. A man who believes in intuitive *a priori* perceptions of the truth may be personally very modest; but there was a certain harmony between Dr. Whewell's philosophy and his natural tendency to good round assertions. Dr. Whewell was born a dogmatist. When Mr. Mill says that a truth is known by experience, Dr. Whewell says that he knows it to be true, and cannot conceive it to be otherwise than true, and that therefore it is and must be true. As both sides agree ultimately upon the same propositions, it need not much matter whether they derive the proof from their own consciousness or merely from universal and uncontradicted observations; but perhaps a man will most easily accept the testimony of his own belief as sufficient in such questions, who is most apt to rely upon it unflinchingly in the lower sphere of practical life. The same point is illustrated in Dr. Whewell's most popular book on the *Plurality of Worlds*, which is also, by the way, a proof of the remarkable excellence of his style. The first impression of any man, on being asked whether there are any inhabitants in Saturn, is that he can't possibly know and doesn't much care; and probably that will also be the final conclusion of most philosophers. But Dr. Whewell could not be content to admit that Saturn was beyond the reach of his intellectual vision. He set to work heartily, with much more humour and imagination than logic, to denounce the supposed occu-

pants of the planets. He proved, to his own satisfaction, that if there were any living beings in Saturn, they were nothing but boneless, flabby, watery creatures, whose existence was really not worth disputing. The general tendency of his argument was summed up in the epigram which explained how he had proved that in all infinity there was nothing so great as the Master of Trinity. If not a strictly fair account of the book, this is not a bad expression of the buoyant audacity with which he depopulated the unlucky planets. Dr. Whewell could not be content to leave even a wretched being crawling unmolested upon the extreme verge of the solar system. Intellectual courage is perhaps as rare as any other variety of that useful quality. Most people are afraid to have any opinions of their own which differ from accepted authorities; and even more original minds like to advance tentatively and cautiously, and only in directions where they have made pretty sure of the ground. If Dr. Whewell erred a little on the side of over-confidence, the expression of opinions backed by so much real knowledge has at least been useful in stirring up controversy on questions with which well-informed people are generally too lazy or too cautious to grapple. As one illustration of this, we may quote what Dr. Whewell's powerful antagonist, Mr. Mill, says in the preface to his *Logic*; he there declares that "without the aid derived from the facts and ideas contained in Dr. Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, the corresponding portion of this work would probably not have been written."

This is high praise from a steady opponent of all Dr. Whewell's favourite theories; and it is therefore pleasant to remark that in the last paper which Dr. Whewell ever wrote, and which has appeared in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, upon Comte's philosophy, there is an equally generous eulogy of Mr. Mill. Dr. Whewell there expresses his delight at Mr. Mill's election for Westminster, as of good promise for our political future, and speaks with the highest respect of his philosophy. An interchange of compliment between two second-rate combatants is sometimes suspicious; but between two men who have such undoubted power, and who have delivered such vigorous and unsparing blows at each other's theories, it is a worthy act of courtesy. Many narrow-minded theologians and narrow-minded metaphysicians—for there are such beings—would have spoken very differently of such an antagonist as Mr. Mill, in an essay devoted to attacking Comte.

OFF-HAND ADMINISTRATORS.

THERE are very few qualities so attractive in themselves, and at the same time so exceedingly useful at a pinch, as that frank bluntness of style which popular tradition attributes to those who have been to sea. From the crowds who go to see *Black-eyed Susan* at a theatre in the New Cut, up to the august members of Parliament who go to see Lord Clarence Paget playing in a favourite nautical part at Westminster, all the world is ever charmed by the honest simplicity, the manly candour, the blunt straightforwardness which would seem to be engendered of sea-air. It is perhaps somewhat odd that the head-quarters of these fine bluff fellows should be famous above all other public departments for jobbery, corruption, intrigue, and injustice. Royal scandals, parsonic scandals, woolluck scandals, are intermittent, and we have one of them now and again. But Admiralty scandals never cease. Time cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. The panting public toils after them in vain. We have no sooner mastered the circumstances of one case of jobbery and injustice than we are instantly dragged off to hear some other illustration of official iniquity. People have almost lost the capacity of being angry at the Admiralty. The tranquil and inexhaustible assurance of that truly incomparable department extinguishes wrath. The scandals of the Admiralty have been uninterrupted since the Restoration, and anger has at last subsided into a weary kind of desire, such as a little boy may feel over an inextricable sum, to rub out the whole thing, and somehow or other make a fresh start.

The matter about which the present pothole has been raised is the merest trifle in the world. It is only that some thirty or forty free and independent electors down in one of the dockyards have been subjected, by the permission of some of the authorities, to a severe bullying at the hands of a lawyer's clerk, who apparently wished to convict them out of their own mouths of having pocketed Conservative guineas. A petition has been got up against the sitting members for Devonport, and the London agents, with professional readiness, applied to the Admiralty that every facility might be afforded for service of the Speaker's warrants upon the dockyard voters in the dockyard, instead of at their own homes. Somebody at the Admiralty sent a telegram down in compliance with this request, and the facilities were given accordingly. The voters were marched into a room; then a policeman marched them all out again; then they were taken in one at a time, and rigorously examined by the lawyer's clerk, with the courtesy apparently that might be expected from so superior a being towards mere dockyard men, and Conservative dockyard men into the bargain. One of them—it is not said that it was not so with all of them—was coolly asked whether he remembered taking a bribe for his vote, and then, after he had discreetly said No, his examiner with elegant jocosity wished to know whether he recollected his own birthday. If this behaviour had been exhibited in the elector's own house, it is probable that the caustic humorist from London would have suffered

some unpleasant punishment. But within the sacred precincts of the yard, and with a couple of policemen standing at the door, the voter naturally felt a little over-awed. The fact of being "within the pale of the Constitution"—the charmingly absurd phrase for having a vote—does not make a man at all the more inclined to quarrel with his bread and butter, or to offend his official superiors. So the caustic humorist bullied them all round to his heart's content.

A commonplace Minister, when he knew beforehand that he in turn was about to be questioned, would have taken the trouble to get up the case. He would at least have ascertained by whose orders the telegram had been sent. If he had been one of those men of the positively indefatigable stamp who now and then make themselves a burden and a curse to a public office, he might even have got to know something about the particulars of the London clerk's visitation. But Lord Clarence Paget is neither commonplace nor indefatigable. Why on earth make all this unintelligible fuss about a few bullied voters, and the loss of their time to the public for a few days? Why should he—more especially as he is bound for the Mediterranean so soon—lend himself to these House of Commons weaknesses? And at this point we come upon the advantage of the bluff contempt for artifice. "The cleverest people," said the cynic, "are those who habitually blame artifice, because then they can resort to it on an emergency without suspicion." Who sent the telegram? asked the member for Drogheda. Well, to tell you the truth, says Lord Clarence Paget, with an engaging candour quite his own, it's a bad affair, and I'm very sorry—but in fact it was the Duke of Somerset who sent it; no doubt, however, with the best possible intention. This was just as it should have been. There was no shuffling, no red-tape reticence, no attempt to hoodwink the House. That there might have been a trifling fault was gently admitted. But everybody is pleased to see a man ready to lend a helping hand to an erring colleague. This is the truly chivalrous spirit of those who do their business in the deep waters. Only, as it appeared the next day, the story was not correct. The Duke of Somerset had not sent the obnoxious telegram. He had known nothing whatever about it until he had seen the matter in the papers. This was unfortunate for the Secretary, after all his presence of mind. And the case was rather hard. The First Lord was very likely to have sent the telegram. To an official casting about for the most probable giver of the order, the Duke of Somerset would naturally appear the very best guess that could be made. But the worst of all guesses is that they may turn out wrong. Lord Clarence Paget, with the simple-heartedness of his profession, quite overlooked this. Considering that his guess was sure to throw a good deal of blame on the person selected, it would perhaps have been more becoming a responsible official to take some slight precautions to hit upon the truth. But the whole proceeding was a delicious example of that method of assumption which is so deservedly popular in the public offices. When the London agents, with a presence of mind only second to Lord Clarence Paget's, applied for what they styled "facilities," the Board of the day make no inquiries as to what could be meant, or whether the Speaker's warrant would not run in the dockyards without any extrinsic assistance; they at once suppose that it is all right and in due form. When the Admiral-Superintendent receives the telegram, and hears of the men being marched away from their work by policemen, and bullied by a clerk in the police-office because they did not vote for the Liberal candidates, he supposes that this is what somebody or other at Whitehall—he did not know, apparently, who sent the telegram—chooses to mean by facilities. Finally, when Lord Clarence Paget is questioned about so scandalous an irregularity, he supposes that it must have been done by the Duke of Somerset. Nothing could be more admirable. Let us only reflect how much trouble is saved by this off-hand method. It saves the Board trouble, and the Superintendent trouble, and the Secretary trouble. But for the introduction of such a method into the public service, the Board would have had to think for at least five minutes what could be the object and significance of the lawyer's application. They would have asked, for instance, why there was so much haste about the service of the warrants when such abundance of time must elapse before the petition could be heard. They would have ascertained what facilities were meant. A host of other reflections would have suggested themselves and required attention, if they had weakly yielded to considerations of duty. Luckily for themselves, Boards do not yield to any such notions. Then, again, but for this method of doing things, the authorities of the dockyard would have had to find out what all this marching of men away from their work day after day really meant. And if they had laboriously discovered that it meant that a lawyer's clerk was bullying voters because they would not make a clean breast of their electioneering crimes, why then they would have had laboriously to put a stop to it. Thirdly, if the principle of finding things out, instead of assuming them, were established at the Admiralty, Lord Clarence Paget would have had to devote a couple of minutes to getting to know from Mr. Romaine the true history of the telegram, and the House of Commons would have lost the spectacle of that truly graceful artlessness with which he threw the blame on a blameless person. There is something to be said on the other side, we know. If the Board had done their duty in the first instance, the telegram would never have been sent, and the lawyers who applied to them would have reflected, not without melancholy, that Boards were

not what they used to be, and that the cool devices which had been successful in the green tree would not do now in the dry. If the dockyard authorities had abandoned the practice of supposing that whatever is right and best, the voters would not have been bullied nor the public robbed of their time. And if Lord Clarence Paget had been rather less candid and straightforward and artless, the example would not have been set to public officials—an example of which they do not by any means stand in need—of a responsible Minister giving a circumstantial answer by guess-work.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer promises further inquiry. A man must be very sanguine who hopes for any other conclusion than that an irregularity was committed, but one for which nobody whatever was in the least degree to blame. The entire and inexplicable spontaneousness of all the evils which occur in connection with a Government department is one of the best-established, as it is one of the most remarkable, facts in public affairs.

THE SICK IN THE WORKHOUSE.

IT is the nature of all urgent reforms to be intolerant of exceptions, and we need not be surprised that the Poor-Law of 1834 has proved to be, in some of its details, a very rough remedy for a very complicated disease. The promoters of the measure had to create a spirit of self-dependence in an almost pauperized peasantry, and to make a State maintenance come to be regarded as the remedy for exceptional misfortune, instead of the natural prospect of old age, the appropriate consolation of widowhood, or the secret encouragement of unwedded maternity. They might well have been pardoned if they had given up their task as simply impossible; and when we criticize the results of their perseverance, we must not forget the compliment which is implied in some at least of the charges which are now brought against their work. When Mr. Dickens writes contemptuously of the "constantly recurring expression of conventional wonder that the poor should creep into corners to die, rather than fester and rot" in a workhouse infirmary, he hits, no doubt, a very great blot in the existing administration of the system. But it may be worth considering whether there may not be some compensation for an accidental evil in the substitution, in the minds of the poor, of such a vigorous determination to do for themselves as he has described in his last novel, for that shiftless acquiescence in being done for by somebody else which was the rule thirty years ago. That parish relief has become a dreaded necessity instead of a coveted privilege is owing to the law which Mr. Dickens has so often attacked; and it may be well to remind the promoters of the excellent movement which had its first field-day last Saturday, that they will only damage a good cause if, in the just denunciation of preventable abuses, they suffer themselves to be led away into any attack on the soundness of the original conception of the New Poor-Law. But time and experience have brought to light a large number of cases to which the general principle of the Act is only applicable with many modifications and restrictions. It was necessary to make the workhouse an undesirable habitation, because a system of more specious benevolence would have been a direct discouragement to industry. If the pauper maintained by the community had been better off than the poor man who maintains himself, the conclusion would have been too obvious for the densest rustic to miss. But a substantially sound theory may be easily pushed too far, and in the present instance one very important distinction has a good deal slipped out of notice. Pauperism is a condition into which a man may fall by his own choice. Old age and sickness are not; and consequently the rule which provides that you must not offer any inducement to men to become paupers, by making the workhouse too comfortable for its able-bodied inmates, does not hold good when the ground of the claim for aid is something which it is not at the option of the claimant to produce, and which can be easily tested when alleged.

The recently formed "Society for the Improvement of the Infirmarys of the London Workhouses" has taken up the cause of one of these exceptional classes, and, whatever we may think of the cure which they propose to apply, there can be no doubt whatever of the existence of an amount of needless suffering which stands in urgent need of succour. In London alone, out of 30,000 in-door paupers, two-thirds are returned as "sick and infirm," and of these it is estimated that some 6,000 are suffering from various forms of acute disease. How large an amount of sickness is represented by these figures will perhaps be more vividly realized when we say that the 18 hospitals supported by private charity, of which Londoners are so justly proud, provide beds for only 3,738 patients. In what fashion these 6,000 people are for the most part cared for at present, we have lately been furnished with ample evidence. The infirmaries attached to the principal London workhouses have been visited during the past few months, at the instance of the proprietors of the *Lancet*, by competent physicians, whose reports have sustained considerable adverse criticism without any material disturbance of their credit for accuracy. The results of the investigation have also been summed up, by Dr. Hart, one of the inquirers, in a paper in the *Fortnightly Review*. It seems hardly an exaggeration to say that every condition which is usually supposed to promote the recovery of the sick is systematically, and in some cases quite ingeniously, violated in a majority of these pauper hospitals. Take, for example, the most

important of all—a sufficient supply of pure air. The Barrack and Hospital Commission has lately prescribed an allowance to each patient in a military hospital, of 1,200 cubic feet of space. In the sick wards of St. Martin-in-the-Fields workhouse, the average allowance per bed is 428 feet; at Clerkenwell, 429 feet; at Greenwich, 450 feet; and at what Dr. Hart describes as the “really fine pile of buildings now being erected at St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch,” the cubic space is still limited to 500 feet per bed. Londoners ought to feel some shame when, in the same page which records this shortsighted parsimony, they read that at the new Chorlton Union Hospital, near Manchester, 1,350 cubic feet will be allotted to each patient. Nor is the quality of the air at all out of keeping with the quantity of it. At St. Martin-in-the-Fields the windows of the surgical wards are partly blocked up by the accumulated soil of a disused courtyard; at Clerkenwell the rooms look out on a yard which contains the parish dead-house, and a spacious and well-filled dustbin. In some cases, the patients’ beds are close to an untrapped sewer; in others, the atmosphere is vitiated by the putrid stench arising from the untended sores of some miserable inmate. Under such circumstances as these, the best medical care can effect but little, and the Guardians seem so thoroughly convinced of this truth that they think it needless to provide more than the nominal attendance of a doctor. The medical staff of St. George’s Hospital is seventeen in number, which is not thought too large for the care of 350 patients; at the Greenwich workhouse about 400 patients are supposed to be looked after by one medical officer. This seems to be the regular allowance in most London workhouses, and as the salary paid rarely exceeds 100*l.* a year, it is obvious that a doctor, who has to live and probably to maintain a wife and children, can only give to his pauper patients the time he can spare from his private practice. Nor, if the Guardians were all homœopaths, could they display more anxiety to save the sick under their authority from all danger of being overdosed. The medical officer has usually to supply most of the drugs, and even if he spent his whole official income in this way, he would in many cases have only about a penny per week for the druggist’s bill of each patient. Even such deficiencies as these might be in a measure supplemented by good nursing; but imperfect as the workhouse system appears on every other point, it is indisputably weakest upon this one. The nurses are usually paupers, generally unpaid, or only rewarded by a somewhat superior scale of dietary. They are utterly without any training for their office, besides being old, infirm, and occasionally almost bed-ridden. The men are frequently nursed by men who are even more uncouth and ignorant than the women, and in most of the London workhouses whatever nursing there is is altogether suspended at night. How this system works may be easily guessed, but we will venture, in illustration, to make one extract from Dr. Hart’s article. He is describing his inspection of the workhouse of St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch, an institution superior in some respects to many of the same class:—

The result of our inquiries showed that of nine consecutive patients, only four were receiving their medicine regularly. A poor fellow lying very dangerously ill, with gangrene of the leg, had had no medicine for three days, because, as the male “nurse” said, his mouth had been sore. The doctor had not been made acquainted either with the fact that the man’s mouth was sore, or that he had not had the medicines ordered for him. A female, also very ill, had not had her medicine for two days, because the very infirm old lady in the next bed, who it seems was appointed by the nurse to fulfil this duty, had been too completely bed-ridden for the last few days to rise and give it to her. Other patients had not had their medicine because they had diarrhoea; but the suspension had not been made known to the doctor, nor had medicine been given to them for their diarrhoea. The nurses generally had the most imperfect ideas of their duties in this respect. One nurse plainly avowed that she gave medicines three times a day to those who were very ill, and twice or once a day as they improved. The medicines were given all down a ward in a cup; elsewhere in a gillpot. The nurse said she “poured out the medicine, and judged according.” In other respects the nursing was equally deficient. The dressings were roughly and badly applied. Lotions and water-dressings were applied in rags, which were allowed to dry and stick. We saw sloughing ulcers and cancers so treated. In fact, this was the rule. Bandages seemed to be unknown. But the general character of the nursing will be appreciated by the detail of the one fact, that we found in one ward two paralytic patients with frightful sloughs of the back; they were both dirty, and lying on hard straw mattresses; the one dressed only with a rag steeped in chloride-of-lime solution, the other with a rag thickly covered with ointment. This latter was a fearful and very extensive sore, in a state of absolute putridity; the patient was covered with filth and excoriated, and the stench was masked by strewing dry chloride of lime on the floor under the bed. Both these patients have since died; no inquest has been held on either.

Even the quiet which is sometimes almost a compensation for neglect is not an invariable accompaniment of workhouse nursing, for the Guardians of the Strand Union have established—and, in spite of all remonstrance, still maintain—a large carpet-beating business in the yard, immediately beneath the windows of the sick ward.

The measures proposed by the Society in order to put an end to this state of things have an appearance of great simplicity. They embrace the establishment of six district pauper hospitals, capable of holding 1,000 patients each; the provision of an adequate staff of doctors, assistants, and trained nurses; and the imposition of a “general metropolitan rate to be levied for this purpose, and this alone.” As to the first two points there can be no difference of opinion. From whatever quarter it is to come, some provision must be made for giving sick paupers a fair chance of recovery and a release from needless pain; and it is obvious that for each

separate workhouse to attempt the cure of its inmates is to throw away all the advantages which are the result of extensive organization. The same outlay will secure a very different return according as it is economized in one large establishment or frittered away on half a dozen small ones. Again, as to the attendance of doctors and the supply of medicines, to be miserly is really to be extravagant. If the sick were all single men and women, with no other beings depending in any way upon their existence, it would doubtless save money to kill them off as quickly as possible. But, as they have often wives and children whom, if in health, they would be able to support, a death in the sick ward may easily throw on the rates the burden of maintaining many instead of curing one; and the Guardians will probably find that the last demand on their purse is really worse than the first. So far, therefore, as the grouping together of workhouse infirmaries and the supply of the necessities of medical treatment go, we quite agree with the Society; but we own to considerable doubts as to the expediency of the separate rate. We should be glad if the condition of the patients in the workhouse infirmaries could be put on a level in all respects with that of the patients at Bartholomew’s or St. George’s; but we are not prepared to say that it would be fair to do this at the expense of ratepayers a majority of whom are utterly unable to secure in their own homes the advantages which they would thus be made to provide for the patients in the district hospitals. We do not see any escape from one of two alternatives. Either we must consent to recognise sickness, when accompanied by inability to obtain all the most approved means of cure, as conferring a claim on the assistance of the community which would make half the ratepayers occasional paupers, or we must devise a scheme for supplementing and ameliorating the treatment provided in the workhouse from the resources of private charity.

FREE TRADE IN SHIPWRECK.

III.

AFTER the display made by the Board of Trade, in the correspondence between their Secretary and the Royal Society on the subject of the adjustment of ships’ compasses, we scarcely thought it possible that they could do anything to call for further comment. We ventured to point out that, whatever might be thought of Free Trade in Shipwreck in the abstract, the doctrine came somewhat oddly from a department created expressly for the purpose of compelling the owners of ships to take more effectual precautions for the safety of passengers and crews than their interest had hitherto prompted, or their knowledge enabled them to do. If the Board of Trade has utterly failed in the performance of the duties cast upon it by Act of Parliament, it is scarcely becoming in the officers of that department to proclaim their incapacity with exultation. Obviously, if the Board of Trade inspections do more harm than good, the gentlemen who have so conducted or misconducted them as to lead to this result would not consistently if they were to resign their offices before boasting that all the activity for which they draw the public money is absolutely pernicious. Yet this is the length to which the officials of the Board of Trade are allowed by their superiors to carry their suicidal crusade. To Mr. Farrer, the Secretary, belongs, we presume, the credit of that first official enunciation of the principle of Free Trade in Shipwreck which took the world by surprise in his correspondence with the Royal Society. It appears that a Mr. Thomas Gray is the principal assistant of Mr. Farrer in that department of the Board of Trade business which specially relates to the inspection of ships; and since our comments on the attitude assumed by the Board, the Secretary and his faithful assistant have thought it necessary to proclaim still more emphatically their conviction of the mischievous character of their most important functions. For this purpose, a meeting of the Society of Arts, which was attended by many of the most eminent ship-builders, was gathered together to hear a set discourse from Mr. Gray on the worthlessness of the department which he serves, on which occasion Mr. Farrer duly attended to back up the heresies of his subordinate. Since Dr. Colenso impeached what were supposed to be the doctrines of his Church, we know of no parallel instance of official insubordination, and we had imagined that in the service of the Government the bonds of discipline were a little tighter than in the domain of theological speculation. We have not yet heard of the Adjutant-General addressing a Peace meeting at Exeter Hall on the wickedness and inutility of a standing army, and we should scarcely expect to hear the Secretary of the Admiralty publicly declaring that the country would go on much better if the navy and the Board of Admiralty were abolished together. But a laxer rule seems to prevail in Civil Departments, and it is to be presumed either that Mr. Milner Gibson likes to have officials under him who, on their own showing, do nothing but mischief, or else that he shares their very candid opinion that he himself, his Board, and all their belongings are, so far as their principal duties are concerned, nothing better than a nuisance, which is kept up, at great expense, for the purpose of obstructing the trade and imperilling the lives of Her Majesty’s subjects. Still, truth is truth, from whatever quarter it may come, and if Messrs. Farrer and Gray have really answered our objections to their doctrine, we are bound to accept their conclusions, even though the instant resignation of their offices should be the logical consequence of the

principles they preach. Let us consider, then, what this new light from under the bushel of an official department really amounts to; and, to avoid misconception, it may be as well to sum up, in a few words, the views which we ourselves have already put forward.

We said, first, that as a matter of fact life was endangered on board merchant ships to an extent far beyond the inevitable perils of the sea. We said, secondly, that even when ships were uninsured, and *a fortiori* when they were insured, it did not always pay the shipowner to give to his vessels the largest possible measure of safety, and that, even when it did pay, he did not always know how to do it. We said, thirdly, that while the shipowner might be left to risk his money as he pleased, it was the duty of the Government to see that he did not, either through recklessness or ignorance, risk the lives of his fellow men. And lastly, we said that life was daily imperilled, from the prevalent neglect or ignorance of compass-adjustment, to an extent which admitted of being largely reduced by an efficient supervision on the part of the Board of Trade.

We will endeavour to state, with the utmost exactness, the answer which Messrs. Farrer and Gray have attempted to give to these propositions. And it is useful, first, to note that they do not deny that it is the duty of the Government to prevent a wicked waste of life, if it is possible for Government interference to effect this laudable object. What they do maintain is, that no Government inspection, and no system of regulation and penalties, can, under any circumstances, prevent or even mitigate risks; and their mode of proving the thesis is remarkable for its candour, if not for its truth. They say this:—"We, the Board of Trade, have been required by statute to inspect passenger and other ships, in order to see that certain conditions of safety are not neglected. We have so conducted this inspection that the object proposed by the Legislature has not in fact been attained. We have found that in some particulars the statutory conditions have become obsolete, from the change which has taken place in the art of shipbuilding, and that more stringent conditions are required. Knowing this, we have abstained from calling the attention of Parliament to the fact, and have preferred to continue a system of official inspection which we know to be utterly useless. In some other particulars, and notably in the matter of compass-adjustment, we have declined to obey the Legislature, and have either not inspected at all, or have designedly made our inspection merely nominal, for the express purpose of leaving the arrangements for meeting the danger of compass error entirely to the self-interest and the knowledge of shipbuilders and shipowners. We have been told by the Royal Society that science has mastered the problem, and that this particular danger can always be reduced to the most insignificant dimensions. We have been told as a fact, by the chief of the Compass Department of the Admiralty, that these conclusions of science have borne the test of experience, and that, by a thoroughly understood system of adjustment, compass error has ceased to be a formidable danger in the navy. We have replied to these communications by snubbing the Royal Society and the Admiralty, and announcing our opinion that shipowners should be allowed to have safe or unsafe compasses just as they may please. We have communicated with the underwriting community of Lloyd's, and are informed by them that they know little or nothing about compass-adjustment; so little, indeed, that this source of peril is never taken into account in fixing the rating of a ship for insurance. We have been told on very high authority that the ignorance confessed by Lloyd's committee is so nearly universal in the mercantile marine that it is a rare exception for a ship to go to sea with compasses in a safe condition. We do not profess to deny these assertions, and indeed we, the Board of Trade, are ourselves so utterly behind the age in this matter that when we inquire into the cause of a wreck we never investigate the condition of the ship's compasses, but always assert that, if she has gone out of her proper course, the misfortune has arisen from bad navigation and neglect of lead. We have no means of knowing that every one of the accidents attributed by us to these causes may not have been primarily due to the fact that the master was misled by erroneous compass-indications; but, as our assessors know no more about these niceties than ourselves, we think it better to charge a captain—dead or alive—with besotted negligence than to admit the operation of a cause which neither we nor the officers we employ have taken the trouble to comprehend."

Those who have not read the particulars of the controversy will find it difficult to believe that the reasoning we have put into the mouth of the Board of Trade can have been used by that respectable department; but we are not at all afraid of being charged with exaggeration, and we are satisfied that the officials of the Board, if they make any complaint of our version of their argument, will only complain that we have not expressed the views of which they are so proud with sufficient point and vigour. At any rate, there is no opinion which we have ascribed to them which we are not prepared to establish by extracts from the printed effusions of Mr. Farrer and Mr. Thomas Gray.

The reasoning we have described may, we think, be safely left to dispose of itself. So long as the fact remains that the uninspected compasses of the merchant service are, in their scientific adjustments, at least a quarter of a century behind those of the Royal Navy, it is in vain to repeat the doctrinaire cry that self-interest and the natural diffusion of knowledge will always keep the practical shipbuilders and shipowners of this enterprising country well up to the latest advances of science, and generally

well ahead of the benighted Admiralty. If the facts were not against him, Mr. Farrer's theory might be plausible; but we assert it as a fact uncontradicted, and incapable of contradiction, that notwithstanding the vast progress made in the science of compass-adjustment during the last twenty or thirty years—the period of iron shipbuilding in fact—the danger from compass error in almost all merchant ships is greater than it was in any iron Queen's ship say in the year 1846. It is certain that hundreds, and probable that thousands, of passengers and seamen have in this interval perished from this preventable cause; and, as self-interest has failed to instil more caution into shipbuilders and shipowners, the time is come when Parliament should compel the Board of Trade to perform the duties cast upon it in unmistakable terms by Mr. Cardwell's Acts.

We cannot take leave of the meeting at the Society of Arts without referring to some remarkable features of the discussion. In the first place, we are glad to observe that the leading commercial authorities—as, for example, Mr. Samuda and Mr. Wigram—do not indorse the *laissez-faire* theory of the Board of Trade. It is also worthy of notice that neither Mr. Gray nor Mr. Farrer, nor indeed any of those present at the meeting, ventured to enter into the details of the compass question. Inspection of bulkheads and boilers, and the like, was freely discussed; but the real question of the day was evaded to an extent which strongly confirms the dictum of Lloyd's Secretary, that among the commercial community this rather difficult subject is very little understood. Mr. Gray gave much more positive proof of the midnight darkness which prevails at the Board of Trade. We scarcely know how to explain this choice evidence of his fitness to instruct the world upon the subject of compasses without entering more deeply than would be convenient into strictly scientific particulars. Every one, however, knows that the bright circle of science is surrounded by a strange penumbra of delusions, tinged with fragments of half-digested knowledge. Of the inhabitants of these dreary quasi-scientific regions, one perhaps will be spending his life in squaring the circle, another in devising perpetual-motion machines, a third in demonstrating that the world is as flat as a pancake, and a fourth in upsetting the theory of gravitation and deposing Newton from his pedestal; while others amuse themselves with such trifling examples of monomania as proving that the equator is always moving towards the poles, or that the moon does not rotate about her axis. Science suffers a good deal of annoyance from these burlesque worshippers; and it so happens that a Mr. Evan Hopkins, a gentleman who dwells in the twilight of this region of scientific hallucination, after occupying himself with some of the other fallacies we have mentioned, has lately propounded a theory that all compass error may be practically got rid of by what he calls demagnetizing the ship. Mr. Gray, in utter ignorance that this project was stark nonsense, actually referred to it, in his address to the Society of Arts, as one reason why the advice of the Royal Society should be treated with contempt. Mr. Gray was judicious enough to narrow as much as possible his observations on a subject with which he is evidently unfamiliar, and coolly referred his hearers to the garbled edition which has been circulated of the official correspondence, as a sufficient substitute for what he had intended to say. But in the few words to which he did commit himself, his mistakes were not confined to the recognition of the Hopkins project; for, following Mr. Farrer's statement in the correspondence, he ignorantly or disingenuously put forward a difference of opinion between the Astronomer Royal and the rest of the Royal Society as to the comparative advantages of two methods, both admitted to be sound in theory, as evidence that the science was not ripe for what the Royal Society have asked—namely, the appointment of a competent Compass Superintendent under the Board of Trade. The truth is that, notwithstanding the divergence we have referred to, the Astronomer Royal is absolutely at one with the Royal Society as to the scientific results which have been obtained, and that the minor practical difference between them does not prevent his cordially joining in their request that a well-informed Compass Superintendent should be at once appointed. Indeed it would have been strange had this been otherwise, inasmuch as Mr. Airy himself had in vain pressed the same recommendation upon the Government five-and-twenty years before it was urged by the Royal Society in their corporate capacity—a fact which ought to have been known to, and ought not to have been suppressed by, the officials of the Board of Trade.

It would be beside our purpose to follow Mr. Gray in his discussion of the subjects to which inspection has been more or less successfully applied. He ranges these under the heads of bulkheads, boats and life-buoys, safety-valves, cables and anchors, and alleges that in all these respects the inspection, as actually enforced by his department, has done more harm than good. Even if this were proved (which it is not), it would wholly fail to touch the case for inspection of compasses, because, in the examples specified, the object is only to compel shipbuilders to take simple precautions which they understand themselves, and sometimes carry to a greater extent than the statutes compel them to do; whereas, in the case of the compasses, what is wanted is to force into the practice of the mercantile marine absolutely essential precautions the application of which is not understood beyond a comparatively narrow scientific circle. Possibly, at some future time the requisite knowledge may be so widely diffused, and so generally applied, as to render the continuance of supervision unnecessary; but this cannot be hoped for until many years

have passed, and, to judge from the experience of the last twenty years, will never happen until the mercantile marine is assisted in the matter by a department which will instruct shipbuilders and shipowners at the same time that it controls them.

Even on the simpler subjects of bulkheads, and valves, and the like, what Mr. Gray really proves is rather the imperfect administration of the Board than anything else. He says, indeed, truly enough, that the statute only requires two bulkheads, and that many modern ships are not safe without four; but he does not meet the obvious inference that, when the Board became aware that the practice of shipbuilders had outgrown the existing law, it was its duty to suggest an amendment to make it more stringent. The observations as to safety-valves are even less in point, for all that is alleged is that in one or two cases the locked-up Government safety-valve has failed to prevent an explosion. There is no pretence that it ever caused one, nor any attempt to show that it has not largely diminished the number of explosions; and it is admitted that under the English law such accidents are extremely rare. All that Mr. Gray does is to mention three examples—one an explosion in the steamer *Times* caused by a defect in the boiler, which the Board of Trade inspector was imprisoned for having failed to discover; another, the case of the *Cricket*, where the valves were left open in defiance of the Act, and tied down by a drunken engineer; and the third that of the *Tonning*, in which the valves had rusted, and had ceased to give adequate protection. That an Act is disobeyed in one case, and carelessly administered in another, is scarcely sufficient to condemn it, though it may be a reason for improving the organization of the department which has to carry it out. But we need scarcely pursue this subject, for, whatever may be the defects of the Merchant Shipping Act in the particulars referred to, they have not caused or permitted the loss of one life for every hundred that have been sacrificed by the neglect of the Board of Trade to exercise in an effective manner the supervision directed by the statute over the adjustment of ships' compasses. A responsibility of this kind is not to be escaped by the boldest enunciation of *laissez-faire* philosophy. The more we hear from the Board of Trade the further we seem to be from an answer to our original question, "What is the use of the Board of Trade?" One of two things is clear. Either the Royal Society is right—and in that case the Board of Trade must be made to do its duty—or else Mr. Farrer is right, and then we do not want a Board of Trade at all.

REVIEWS.

JOINVILLE AND ST. LOUIS.*

M. DE SAINTE-BEUVE says that Joinville is the best representative "of the age which we like to represent to ourselves as the golden age of the good old time. If this happy period ever existed in the past, it was in the reign of Saint Louis, during the fifteen years of peace under the shadow of the oak in the forest of Vincennes." Joinville certainly gives us a more vivid glimpse of this past age than any other writer, and indeed few writers afford equally vivid glimpses of any age whatever. It is, however, only a glimpse, and before the figures of the picture can be fully appreciated it is necessary to sketch slightly the frame in which they must be set.

The forty-four years of the reign of Louis IX. (1226-1270) nearly coincide with the fifty-six years of the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272), and cover one of the great epochs of European history; for during that period the French Monarchy and the English Constitution were founded, and the first great religious crisis of modern Europe—that which included the destruction of the Albigenses, the erection of persecution into a system, and the Crusades—came to an end. The final conclusion of the Languedocian troubles and the fall of the independence of the province may be dated in 1244. At the same date, the successes of Louis in his war with Henry III., and the additions which his dominions received on the fall of Raymond, extended the French monarchy from the Scheldt to the Mediterranean and the Pyrenees. Thus the great events of the boyhood and early manhood of Louis were the extension and consolidation of his own dominions by the same causes which overthrew the Albigensian heresy and established the Inquisition. This of itself would account for the great space which the question of orthodoxy occupied in his mind. It occupied, however, a similar space in the minds of his contemporaries. The Church was at that time by far the greatest and most powerful organization in the world; for though there were several great sovereigns, Louis IX., Henry III., and the Emperor Frederic II., there was hardly such a thing, in the whole of Europe, as a nation well defined and thoroughly organized. The Church, moreover, was not only powerfully organized, but was instinct with life in every part. Nothing can be less like the Church of the thirteenth century than the present Roman Catholic system. Councils, general, provincial and national, were still a reality. The clergy of every country, and almost of every church, had their own special rights, which they maintained with such determination that even at St. Louis' own funeral there was a quarrel between the clergy of the Abbey of St. Denis and the Archbishop of Sens and the Bishop of Paris, as to the right of the prelates to

officiate. It had to be arranged before the funeral could proceed, though the new King, Philip III., with all the aristocracy and clergy of France, were kept waiting with the coffin at the church doors. The political side of religion was thus constantly brought home to everybody.

The intellectual movement, both within and without the Church, was at least as powerful. On the one side, the Albigensians had developed views of which, at this distance of time and with our necessarily imperfect sympathy with the feelings of a past age, it is difficult to form a just opinion, but which would appear to have involved, on the part of those who held them, not merely a revolt against all the institutions of the age, but a formal surrender of part of human life to the evil principle, coupled with that strange mixture of asceticism and license as to the other part which is the necessary complement of such a view. On the other hand, there was within the Church a movement, or rather a series of movements, in which all the great questions of religion were debated in a terminology and under conditions strange to us, but, nevertheless, in a most effectual way. In the thirteenth century, the Church no doubt was the friendly and sympathetic ruler, and not the enemy, of reason; and this relation was rendered possible by the scholastic conception of science, and by the universal belief that the method of acquiring knowledge was to argue downwards from principles generally admitted to be true, either as self-evident or as notoriously revealed from heaven. All theology may be divided into two great branches—the process of ascertaining certain facts, and the process of giving form to certain sentiments. At different periods the result of these two processes, and their relation to each other, differ. The degree of completeness, precision, and system which can be given to the religious emotions—in other words, the extent to which feeling can be translated into logic—depends upon the amount of certainty which is felt as to the facts to which the sentiments relate. In the thirteenth century all the facts were taken for granted. The apparatus for examining or discussing them did not then exist. Hence it was possible to exhibit, in an astonishingly definite and systematic form, what in reality were only conjectures upon subjects about which religious people felt a curiosity. For instance, amongst the innumerable subjects on which Thomas Aquinas considered himself scientifically able to pronounce an opinion were (according to Hallam) such as these:—Could God have permitted actions against natural reason? Can He dispense with the law of nature? Did He act in a legislative or in some, and what, other capacity, in the matter of the sacrifice of Isaac? To us these questions appear insoluble or puerile for want of knowledge, but in that age various principles which could be logically connected with them were universal postulates, and the state of religious sentiment was such as absolutely to demand some rational organization. It was the age, not only of the Albigensians, but of the Pastoureaux, the sect which tried to erect what it called the Religion of the Holy Ghost—the time of the Father having ended at the birth of Christ, and the time of the Son at the rise of the Pastoureaux. An immense mass of peasants marched half over France on this strange errand under an unknown leader in 1251. In 1260 the Flagellants scourged themselves through every city in Europe, and the Dominicans and Franciscans, with other orders of less importance, were in the full flush of their early enthusiasm, and afforded a sort of safety-valve for fanaticism.

It was no doubt their intense sense of the emotional side of religion which enabled the monks to take up the logical side of it so ardently and successfully. The greatest of all the Dominicans was Thomas Aquinas, a friend and often a guest of St. Louis, and the work of his marvellously laborious life seems to have been—for it would be presumptuous in any one to speak positively on the contents of eighteen folio volumes known to him only by report—to expand and systematize the premises which orthodoxy supplied into a form sufficiently minute and definite to exercise and, if possible, to satisfy the reason, and to afford to the religious emotions that food and support which they always find in the confidence and systematic intricacy of what they not unnaturally assume to be as strong as it is complex. Elaborate systems and long chains of coherent reasoning confirm the faith by which they are supported, just as a number of hurdles will bear up a heavy superstructure on a swampy foundation.

Thomas Aquinas was one of the greatest architects of the greatest structure of this kind that ever was erected, and St. Louis' character is one of the best indirect illustrations of its practical objects that can be conceived. To use the strange yet picturesque language of M. Michelet, who compares the thirteenth century to a pyramid, "Au sommet le grand bœuf muet de Sicile" (Aquinas' nickname, given for the same reason for which the owl at Arundel Castle was called Lord Thurlow), "ruminait la question." "Audessus de l'ange il y avait l'homme, la morale sous la métaphysique. Sous St. Thomas, St. Louis." The charm of Joinville's *Mémoires* is, that they draw, with all Boswell's power of observation, and with inimitable beauty of expression, a picture of a man who was so to speak, the flower of the age in which these influences were at work. They set in the clearest light his sound intelligence in common things, his passionate religious sensibility, and the utterly wild course of conduct into which he was led by indulging it. They also throw a curious light on the doubts, just sufficiently realized to enable him to look upon faith as a difficult and meritorious action, which passed through the mind of St. Louis, and no doubt through the minds of many others, for the thirteenth century was an age of doubt as well as of faith. In

* *Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville, ou l'Histoire et Chronique du très-chrétien roi St. Louis.*

its history indications are still to be found of a sceptical movement which was not the less real because it was secret:—

The Latin writers of those times [says Mosheim] often complain of public enemies of the Christian religion, and even of mockers of the Supreme Being. . . . The Aristotelian philosophy which reigned in all the schools of Europe, and was regarded as identical with sound reason, led not a few to discard the doctrines commonly held and preached respecting Divine Providence, the immortality of the soul, the creation of the world, and other points.

"They defended themselves," adds one of his annotators, "by distinguishing between theological truth and philosophical," as many others have done down to our own days. The Emperor Frederic II. was, of all the men of his age, the most deeply and widely suspected in this matter. The evidence against him (which was probably not ill-founded) was embodied in the myth of the book *De Tribus Impostoribus*, and a most picturesque and interesting account of the grounds on which it rested will be found in Dr. Milman's *Latin Christianity*.

Such was the age in which Louis IX. lived and reigned, and which Joinville commemorated. The leading dates of the reign of Louis IX. are few. The first period extends from his accession, in 1226, to the first crusade, in 1248. The second takes in the first crusade, from 1248 to 1254. The third consists of fifteen years of peace, 1255-1270; and the fourth consists of the few weeks which were occupied in the second crusade, July-August, 1270. Joinville's *Memoirs* contain an outline of the first period, a pretty complete history of the second, some account of the third, and scattered anecdotes as to the whole of the reign, for the most part not dated.

The book begins with a division of the subject, which is not very closely adhered to. The first part, it is said, is meant to show in general how the King "se gouverna tout son temps selon Dieu et selon l'église, et au profit de son règne." The second part relates his "great acts of chivalry and great feats of arms." The first part consists of characteristic anecdotes told without arrangement, some of which have become almost proverbial, and of which all are eminently characteristic. The first of these is splendid in its simplicity and magnanimity:—

Il me demanda se je voudrais estre honoré en ce siècle et avoir paradis à la mort, et je li diz oyl. Et il me dit, Donques vous gardez que vous ne faites ne ne dites à votre escient nulle riens, que se tout le monde le savoit, que vous ne peussiez congneistre, je ai ce fait, je ai ce dit.

The most curious, however, of all these anecdotes are those which show how deeply the controversies of the day had affected Louis, and what was the view which orthodox men in those days took of the nature of religious doubt. They obviously viewed it as in all cases a voluntary act to which a man was distinctly tempted by the devil, and for which he was responsible, just as he would be for any other definite sin:—

The holy King did his utmost to make me believe firmly in the Christian law. . . . He said the enemy is so subtle that when people are dying he does all he can to make them die in doubt on points of faith; for he sees that he cannot take away the good works which a man has done, so that he will have lost him if he dies in the true faith. Therefore we ought to guard and defend ourselves against this snare; say to the enemy when he sends such temptations, Begone. . . . He said that faith and belief were such that we ought to believe firmly, although we had only hearsay evidence. He asked how I knew that my father's name was Simon. I said I firmly believed it because my mother had told me so. Then, said he, you ought to believe firmly all the articles of faith to which the apostles testify as you hear them sung in the Creed on Sunday.

He also told a story of a conversation between a "great master in divinity" and the Bishop of Paris. The theologian said to the Bishop, weeping much:—

Je ne puis mon cœur ahurer (force) à ce que je croie au sacrement de l'autel, ainsi comme sainte Eglise l'enseigne, et je sai bien que c'est des tentations de l'ennemi.

The Bishop told him that to believe in spite of doubts was as much more meritorious than to believe without doubts, as it is more glorious to keep a fortress which is attacked than to keep one which is not attacked. In the same spirit was another story of Louis's. De Montfort refused to go and see a miraculous host which had turned into visible flesh and blood. "Do you go and see it, who disbelieve. I believe firmly. . . . And do you know what I shall gain? In heaven I shall have a crown more than the angels who see face to face, and so are obliged to believe." There is one more of the King's stories which, well known as it is, will bear repetition, as the comment is usually separated from the facts to which it relates. There was to be a controversy at Clugny between the Jews and the clergy. A knight begged to be allowed to open the discussion. He asked for the greatest of the rabbis, and when he came asked him if he believed in the history of the Virgin Mary. The rabbi naturally said No. The knight said "que moult avoit fait que fol"—that he had acted very like a fool in coming to the Virgin's house, if he neither believed in nor loved her; and so saying, "he lifted his crutch and hit the Jew near the ear and knocked him down, and the other Jews ran away, and carried off their master all wounded." The knight, when blamed by the abbot, justified what he had done by saying that there were many Christians present who, if they had heard the controversy, would have gone away unbelievers. "And I tell you," said the King, "that no one, if he is not a great scholar, ought to dispute with them; but a layman, when he hears the Christian law attacked, ought to defend it with the sword only, which he ought to drive into their bellies as far as it will go."

These stories give the key-note of Louis's mind. Faith, in his view, was the act of believing without evidence, or even against evidence. Nay, the greater the objections from a rational point of view, the more merit was there in believing. Whatever made, or seemed to make, against the "Christian law" was a temptation of the devil, and whoever doubted or denied it was a personal enemy to be combated, by laymen like himself, with the sword; by "great clerks," like Thomas Aquinas, with syllogisms; and by the ecclesiastical authorities with the Inquisition, to be backed by the secular arm.

Joinville, whose unconscious portrait of himself is only less interesting than his portrait of St. Louis, was a very different kind of man. He admired and revered the King beyond all bounds, but he was by no means of the same way of thinking, or rather of feeling. He would appear to have been a model of the orthodox sensible men of the world of that day. He seems to have acquiesced in the creed of the time, to have believed it, and submitted to it rather as a straightforward matter of prudence than from any special devotional feeling. There is the strongest vein of frank dislike of cant in all that he says on such subjects. Louis asked him on one occasion whether he would rather have the leprosy or commit a mortal sin. "And I who never told him a lie, said that I would rather commit thirty mortal sins than be a leper." Next day, when they were alone, the King gave him a solemn reproof, but Joinville does not seem to have changed his views. Louis asked him if he washed the feet of poor men on Holy Thursday. "Sire, dis je les pieds de ces vilains ne laverai-je ja." We get a glimpse of his racy and free-spoken character from another phrase of the King's about him:—"Je n'ose parler à vous pour le subtil sens dont vous estes de chose qui touche à Dieu." His own religious observations show how straightforward and simple-minded he was, and in what a direct business-like way the laymen of those days regarded such matters. Speaking of the belief of the Bedouins in predestination, he says:—"It is as much as to say that God has no power to help us; for it would be foolish to serve God (ils seroient fols ceux qui serviroient Dieu) if we did not think that he could prolong our lives and protect us from evil and mischief." On one occasion Joinville knocked down one of his knights for quarrelling with another, saying, as he did so, "Get out of my house; so help me God, you shall not come back." The knight made great interest to be pardoned, but Joinville says:—"I answered that I could not take him back unless the Legate would absolve me from my oath. They went and told the Legate, and he said he could not absolve me, as the oath was reasonable, and had served the knight quite right." . . . "And this I mention to teach you not to take foolish oaths." The directness and simplicity of Joinville's views about prayer and oaths show a contented, straightforward, business-like view of the whole subject which few people possess in our days.

Without reading the whole of Joinville's account of the crusade, it would be difficult to form a just idea of the way in which the passionate devotion of Louis and the gay practical common sense of Joinville set each other off throughout. Joinville's prevailing notion seems to have been that it was the right thing to do, and that he and others would or might go to heaven for it. He speaks of those who were killed as martyrs:—"The Bishop of Soissons, greatly desiring to go to God when he saw our troops retreating to Damietta, would not return to his native land, but hastened to go to God. He therefore spurred his horse, and attacked the Turks all alone. They cut him down, and put him in the company of God and in the number of the martyrs." He also distinguished himself by strongly opposing, on the point of honour, a premature proposal to return to France; but when there was talk of a second crusade he as strongly condemned it:—

I was much pressed by the King of France and the King of Navarre to cross myself, and I answered that while I was serving God and the King beyond the seas (in the first crusade) the officers of the King of France and the King of Navarre had destroyed and impoverished my vassals, so that they and I never were in a worse condition. I said also that if I wished to do God's will I ought to stay at home and take care of my people; for if I were to risk my body by going on the crusade, clearly seeing that by so doing I should injure my people, I should offend God, who gave his body to save his people. I thought those who advised the King to go committed a mortal sin, for as long as he was in France the whole realm was at peace at home and abroad, and after his departure things got continually worse.

Notwithstanding his clear apprehension of the plain duties which the King neglected by going on this strange wildgoose chase, no one could feel his piety more deeply than Joinville. He says that to canonize him was not enough. "He should have been put amongst the martyrs for all that he underwent in the crusade. . . . If God died on the cross, so did he, for he went as a crusader to Tunis."

For the actual history of the crusade we must refer to the book itself. It is impossible for any mere abstract to do justice to the merit of a story the beauty of which depends so much upon the way in which it is told. But we may give, in the most cursory way, the outline of the events which Joinville describes. Louis IX. took the cross on his recovery from an illness, in December 1244. So difficult was it in those days to make all the necessary arrangements, that he did not sail from Aigues Mortes till the 28th of August, 1248. He reached Cyprus on the 17th of September, and stayed there till the following May. He landed at Damietta on the 3rd of June, and took the town on the 6th, owing to the panic which the landing caused amongst the Turks. The Nile began to rise, and

the Crusaders loitered at Damietta till the end of November, waiting for it to fall, and did not appear before Mansourah, the half-way stage to Cairo, or Babylon, as Joinville calls it, till the 20th of December. They remained in front of Mansourah till Shrove-Tuesday (February 8th, 1250), when a great battle was fought, in which the Saracens were defeated. There was more fighting on the Friday, which was not so favourable to the French. After this, the armies maintained their positions till early in April, when the Christians, worn out with sickness and warfare, were obliged to retreat. The retreat became a rout, Louis himself being taken prisoner and held to ransom. Early in May the ransom was paid, and the army made its escape to Acre by sea. There, and at Jaffa, Louis remained four years, doing hardly anything of importance, and not even succeeding in entering Jerusalem. He returned to France on his mother's death, early in 1255, and entered Paris on the 7th of September.

Nothing could be more miserable than the generalship of this strange expedition. In just seven years' absence from France there was not much more than three months of fighting (8th Feb.—8th May, 1250); the rest of the time was either wasted in delay or passed in doing nothing at all. The loss was awful. Of 2,800 knights who left Cyprus with the King, only 100 went with him to Acre. The whole transaction was as wretched a failure as ever occurred. On the other hand, Homer himself is hardly more picturesque than the story told by Joinville. Whatever he saw he described with a precision, neatness, and freshness which have scarcely ever been equalled. Every page has its picture. The following are a few instances of his powers. He thus describes Greek fire:—

La manière du feu gregois estoit telle que il venoit bien devant aussi gros comme une tonnel de verjus, et la queue du feu qui parloit de li estoit bien aussi grant comme un grant glaive; il faisoit telle noise au venir que il sembloit que ce feust la foudre du ciel; il sembloit un dragon qui volast par l'air; tant getoit grant clarté que l'on veoit parmi l'ost comme se il feust jour pour la grant foison du feu qui jetoit la grant clarté. Toutes les foiz que notre saint roy veit que il nous getoient le feu gregois il se vestoit en son lit et tendoit ses mains vers Nostre Seigneur et disoit en pleurant, "Biau Sire Dieu, gardez moy ma gent," et je crois vraiment que ses prières nous vint bien mestier au besoing.

The following is a very Homeric sketch of a bit of a battle:—

There was wounded Monseigneur Hugues d'Escoz with three sword cuts on his face, and Monseigneur Raoul, and Monseigneur Ferri de Loupey with a sword between his shoulders, and the wound was so large that the blood came out of his body as from the bung-hole of a barrel. Monseigneur Erard de Syverey was struck by a sword in the face so that his nose fell over his lip; and then I remembered St. James, and said, "Biau Sire, St. Jacques, whom I implore, help and succour me in this business."

Take, again, this picture of St. Louis himself:—

The King came with all his battle, and halted on a causeway with a great blast and noise of trumpets and cymbals. Never was seen so fine a man at arms, for he was above all his men from the shoulders upwards, with a gilt helmet on his head, and a German sword in his hand.

We must content ourselves with one more of these pictures, though the whole history is almost made up of them. On the disastrous retreat from Mansourah, Joinville, with others, fell into the power of the Saracens, who were about to put them to death. Upon this, says Joinville—

A number of people were confessing themselves to a monk who was there. For my own part, I could not remember any sin I had committed, yet I saw that the more I struggled the worse it would be, so I crossed myself and knelt down before one of the Saracens, who had a Danish carpenter's axe, and said "So died St. Agnes." The constable of Cyprus knelt by my side and confessed himself to me, and I said, "I absolve you as God has given me pardon;" but when I got up I could not remember a single thing he had said.

Joinville was not present at the last crusade of St. Louis. It formed an appropriate ending to his life. For fifteen years after his return from Syria, he ruled France with exemplary virtue, and with the most resolute and vigorous good sense, asserting his own authority, not only against nobles, but also against the clergy, and, in case of need, against the Popes; but the strange vein of enthusiastic religion which prompted him to the first crusade was always present in him, as in one form or other it was in most of his family. Exaggerated asceticism was not enough for him. He was devoured by melancholy at not having seen Jerusalem, and he determined on a second expedition. It was even more absurdly planned and disastrously executed than the first. After three years of preparation he sailed on the 1st of July, 1270, for Tunis, of all places in the world. The plague broke out in the army. Louis died there in August; so did his son, the Comte de Nevers; so did the Papal Legate, and many others. The French returned to Sicily, and lost eighteen ships in a storm. When they landed, the King of Navarre and his wife, Louis IX.'s daughter, died of the plague caught at Tunis. On the journey home, the wife of Philip III., Louis' successor, died, after giving birth to a child, who died also. This was the last of the crusades, and its dismal catastrophe was not an inappropriate practical comment on the value of the vein of fanatical asceticism which ran through the character of so great and good a man. It is impossible to read his history without feeling that nothing but the accident of his age saved him from a full participation in the dreadful guilt of the Albigenian persecution. Whether there was much more moral justification for the crusades in which he spent so much of the substance of France, is a question too wide, and also too hackneyed, to be discussed here.

LEIGHTON COURT, AND LAND AT LAST.*

THERE is in each of these two novels a heroine whose character the author has conceived with some approach to artistic completeness, instead of merely sketching her in, as is the vulgar fashion among novelists, with rough ill-drawn strokes, and crude or overdone dabs of colour. This is the only point of resemblance between them, but each of them is a fair example of a different style of writing fiction, and comparisons of this sort are rather entertaining to people who do not bolt their novels in the mass, just as they are instructive to novelists who do not write books merely to suit the ignorant likings of the least critical part of the public. Mr. Kingsley's story is a very charming comedy of the country, while Mr. Yates's is a melodrama of the city. But the heroine of the country story and the heroine of the melodrama are both exceedingly good after their respective kinds. It requires a more refined taste to see and appreciate the strokes of art in the wavering and weakness of the well-bred young lady at Leighton Court, than is necessary to understand the wicked and ill-regulated mind of Margaret Ludlow. Still it would be very narrow and unjust to flout all stories but those which only the best kind of cultivation enables us to relish. It is very hard, perhaps the hardest thing in the art of writing fiction, to keep all incidents with a melodramatic tinge about them out of a novel, and at the same time to excite or retain the reader's attention. If one sticks to the plain circumstances and probabilities of ordinary life, everybody falls asleep. If, on the other hand, resort is had to extraordinary complications and to events that are out of the bounds of every-day experience, the critic straightway cries, *quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*. There never was a novel written yet, we suppose, which did not contain something that somebody considered extravagant and improbable. The best novelists, however, are those who, if they occasionally deliver themselves from an embarrassment by an extravagance, work systematically at probable situations and consistent characters. And there is all the difference in the world between introducing an occasional melodramatic incident with the object of extricating everybody from an otherwise inextricable fix, and deliberately making the whole action of the story spring from something melodramatic and run on in the melodramatic groove. This is a difference which the two novels before us do something to illustrate.

The heroine of *Leighton Court* is "a grand, imperial, graceful-looking girl, with a Greek face bearing not much colour, and an imperial diadem of dark black hair, dark as the moor after a thunderstorm." She had been brought up "in the very straitest mode of Queen Charlottism"; that is to say, on the principles which were in fashion towards the end of the last century among the aristocratic disciples of Mrs. Hannah More. The result of her bringing up was that she grew "idle and dreamy, and she liked rules for life." Her existence was "nearly as regular as a religious sister's." She walked from six to seven; read about religion till half-past; had breakfast at nine; saw poor people from ten to twelve; did solid reading till one; lunched, drove out, had dinner at seven, and prayers and bed at half-past ten. The gist of the story is that there are natures for which the exemplary system of Mrs. Hannah More is not at all adequate. The life of rule and routine is no certain safeguard against gusts of passion from which we are too fond of believing that the minds of well-bred young ladies are invariably exempt. They may pass through the world unconscious of the depths of feeling which passion has had no opportunity of ruffling. Opportunity is the great point. The system of rule and narrowness may hold good enough to the very end if nothing is thrown by fortune into the path to trip up the too confident wayfarer. Though Mr. Henry Kingsley would, we suspect, hate nothing so much as being accused of writing a story with a moral to it, this is the general lesson of his book, or, at all events, the principle on which its action proceeds. Not that anything very wicked comes of his heroine's reaction against Mrs. Hannah More. Indeed, she never loses her faith in life by rule; and after she has forsaken it, and lost her way amid the shifting sands of passion, she still hopes, by a return to the old system, to recover the old hold upon duty and a measure of moral calm. Surely, she thought, such a nature as hers "was capable of fighting sorrow with the weapons of quiet, order, and industry with which her grandmother had so perfectly armed her, and of winning a glorious peace such as her grandmother had won." But when she looked into the glass she found it hard to believe. "Could that imperial diadem of hair," she wondered, "ever come to be smoothed down under a white laced cap?" And "could those steadiest hawk-like eyes ever get into them the tender hare-like look" of her well-regulated grandmother? Events proved that this scepticism was well-founded. The refutation of Hannah More comes upon the scene in the shape of a groom, of polished manners and with good looks, and a daring rider to the bounds. Laura, to her own shame and consternation, falls irretrievably in love with him, but, unlike the ordinary heroine of a penny novel who always does the same kind of thing, she has self-control and sense of propriety enough to make her keep the fatal discovery to herself. The failure of all her various attempts to restore calm to her life shows that she had been right in doubting

* *Leighton Court: a Country House Story.* By Henry Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.
Land at Last. By Edmund Yates. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

her own ability to fight sorrow with her grandmother's weapons of order and industry. Fortunately, just when the cloud seems thickest, the groom turns out to be a fine gentleman and a hero in disguise. Mr. Kingsley has told his plain story with great skill and taste. He has denied himself almost entirely those senseless oddities and unmeaning freaks which in his last two novels struck everybody as being so wonderfully childish and so offensive. His minor characters have been drawn with unusual success. They are original, and they are not blurred. The odd young nobleman who takes dinner pills, and is wrong in his "ilia," and generally makes a gaby of himself; the old lady of the school of Hannah More; the vicious baronet with his quaint madness and droll wickedness—are all excellent; while the introductory description of Devonshire scenery is in the best style of a writer who can describe scenery of this kind with a fresh and natural force almost entirely his own. This little comedy of high life in the country, though sufficiently slight, is one of the most agreeable things that Mr. Henry Kingsley has written.

Mr. Yates's heroine is, as has been said, of a very different stamp. The writer declares that, physically, she is very beautiful, but from his own account of her this is a point quite open to dispute. Her complexion was of "the dearest white, without the smallest colour"; her eyes, deep violet; her hair, "long, thick, rich, luxuriant, of a deep red-gold colour, a rich metallic red, unmistakable, admitting of no compromise—a great mass of deep red hair, strange, weird, and oddly beautiful." Does not the reader feel already that he has entered within the melodramatic precincts? A woman with weird red hair and a complexion of dead white is sure to inflict deadly misery all through the story. One knows this the moment she makes her appearance. But Mr. Yates soon shows that he does not mean to rely on a vulgar trick of costume, or to make a lay figure of striking appearance supply motion to his story by spasmodic bits of crime. His heroine is by no means a mere puppet fantastically clad, and, by violent pulls at the string, made to deal out misery and ruin to her brother and sister puppets. Grant the situation, and her character is brought out with very considerable power. Having lived as the mistress of a dreadful villain of quality, who abandoned her, she is rescued from the very jaws of death by a generous artist, who, in spite of her history, of which she informs him, is seized with a violent passion for her, and makes her his wife. All this is rather stagey, and on the whole exceedingly unpleasant. All sorts of horrible intrigues and ghastly complications suggest themselves to the imaginative reader as likely to occur in such a situation. The writer, however, spares us these, and devotes the action of the second volume to an elaboration of his heroine's character, which shows a great deal of true power. He has pondered over the situation and realized it to himself, and this is the first condition of all good work in fiction. Just as the heroine of *Leighton Court* finds it impracticable to return to the decorous and regular employments of old for solace in a new and passionate misery, the wretched woman in *Land at Last* finds the still and decent life of an artist's wife at Highgate a burden too grievous to be borne. "She was cursed with such keen memory, she was haunted with such terrible sense of contrast." Everything she did only reminded her the more acutely of the more fiery delights of the past. As she sat playing to her husband at night her fingers insensibly wandered into brilliant galops by Strauss and Musard, and her mind into the bright scenes they suggested, until she was suddenly awakened to her true position by the rattle of the candlestick and her husband's suggestion that it was bed-time. In the midst of "the dull never-changing domestic day," she sat in hopeless weariness, thinking of "wild Parisian revels, the rough pleasant Bohemianism of garrison-lodgings, the sumptuous luxury of the Florentine villa." Of course, all this is very terrible, and calculated to arouse the anger of plain folks against the writer. But this does not make it less forcible, or less completely worked out, or less essentially truthful. Mr. Yates even rebels against the prime article of the British creed—that every mother must like her child, and from the moment of its birth feel inspired with a passion for the father. In the present instance, her child only made the mother more miserable and weary and desperate. In spite of Mrs. Grundy, neither marriage nor children are enough to blot out all reminiscence of the past. We none of us have an Aladdin's lamp, by whose magic power we may in a single night build up a great wall between ourselves and what has gone by. Men cannot always make sure that the past is dead and buried, and we don't see why it should be expected to be otherwise with women. The worst of it is that Mr. Yates has made his heroine's past so poor and flashy an affair as to be out of all proportion with the agony of retrospect which he has so effectively depicted. The scenes on which her imagination falls back are in themselves altogether too pitiful for the depth of the situation. Still there is an artistic consistency in his conception of Margaret's character which gives reason to hope that Mr. Yates may one day write a really good novel. And the mere plot is not bad, except that the conclusion is protracted to an unreasonable distance from the climax. But Mr. Yates has one or two serious faults which perhaps will grow less as his experience increases. There is a great deal too much of the pipe-and-pot life of artists, which we find even less interesting than the inner life of butchers and hosiers as presented in the unpleasant story of *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, attributed to Mr. Trollope. The public have been wearied to death with photographs from the literary and artistic Bohemia. In the second place, there is also a great deal too much padding. Long accounts of the London

streets on a wintry night, of a Londoner's sensations on meeting the Prince of Wales or the Prime Minister in the Park, of the manners and customs of the people of Highgate, and the like, may be very well done, but they are out of place. They betray in the writer a want of sincerity and real interest in his work. Thirdly, two or three of the characters talk slang and nonsense to an extent which is neither pleasant nor quite consistent with their reputed positions. If these defects were cured, and the action of his story made rather more compact, and less like a number of magazine instalments stitched loosely together, Mr. Yates would have every chance of being a deservedly successful novelist.

THORPE'S DIPLOMATARIUM ANGLICUM.*

WE are thoroughly disappointed in this book. We are sorry to say it, as Mr. Thorpe has done real service to early English history and scholarship in his time; but we cannot discern the use or object of the volume now before us. We are far from saying that, even with Mr. Kemble's noble collection before us, there is still nothing to be done in the way either of editing new or of re-editing old charters. We can easily believe that there is still something to do in the former way, and we know that there is a great deal to be done in the latter. A new edition of the *Codex Diplomaticus* would be of real use. The book is rare; it is also one of the most troublesome books in existence to consult. You have to look for everything in two places. One chronological series occupies the first four volumes; you then start afresh with another chronological series going over the same ground, which occupies the last two volumes. If you want to find a charter of Æthelberht, it is not enough to look in the first volume, you must also look in the fifth; if you want to find a charter of Eadward the Confessor, it is not enough to look in the fourth volume, you must also look in the sixth. This is no fault of Mr. Kemble's, but is a great practical grievance to those who use his book. It is worse than a dictionary with two alphabets, or a book with large *addenda* and *corrigenda*. In these latter cases you do not turn to the supplementary matter unless such a course is suggested by something deficient or unsatisfactory in the main body. But in this case of the *Codex Diplomaticus* the double reference is always necessary. The chances of the particular document which you want being in the main body or in the supplement are very nearly equal. Mr. Kemble printed 1,369 documents. Of these, 726 are found in the first four volumes or main body, 643 in the last two volumes or supplement. Here alone we see abundant reason for a new edition. Again, Mr. Kemble had peculiar views as to the manner of editing, in which all scholars do not agree with him. From several manuscripts of a document he would construct a text of his own, according to his notions of the grammar, spelling, and so forth, which the original writer must have followed. Now no doubt the critical instinct of a scholar like Mr. Kemble would be constantly able to correct the errors of a copyist, and to call back a document to its genuine form. But, after all, this process cannot be called editing. The business of an editor is to print his manuscript as he finds it. He will do well to note such conjectures or corrections as he thinks good, but he should leave the text to speak for itself. Mr. Kemble's plan may do perfectly well for correcting the text of a Greek play, though even then we should ask to see the rejected reading at the bottom; but a fancy text of this sort is not the sort of thing for an Old-English charter. In quoting from Mr. Kemble's collection you are never quite certain that you are quoting the exact words and the exact spelling of any existing manuscript. Here also is another reason for a new edition of Kemble. Again, Mr. Kemble himself, as he tells us in his last preface, knew of a good many charters which he had not edited, but which he hoped to edit at some future time. And we doubt not that, besides those which he knew of, there may also be others which he did not know of. Here is a third reason for a new edition of the *Codex*, or at least for a supplementary volume. But Mr. Thorpe's volume does not compass either of these objects, and we cannot see what objects it does compass. We opened the book in the innocent belief that we were going to find something wholly new, that we had got before us a collection of those charters which, for what reasons soever, Mr. Kemble had not edited. But, on first opening the book, we were greeted by the sight of old friends—of charters which we perfectly well remembered in the *Codex Diplomaticus*. Once put on the scent, we looked a little further; we took at random some documents with which we were not so familiar, and tested them by looking in both the proper points of Mr. Kemble's collection. There to be sure, in one or other volume, were these also, staring us in the face. Our patience gradually failed us; human nature was too weak to take all Mr. Thorpe's documents and to look in both places in Mr. Kemble to see whether they were there. We believe there are some hitherto unpublished charters in the present collection, but they are in no way distinguished from the others; as far as Mr. Thorpe tells us anything, either in the collection itself or in the preface, all might be unpublished or none might be. There is absolutely no clue. Mr. Thorpe leaves us to find out in every case what has been published

* *Diplomatarium Anglicum Ævi Saxonici*. A Collection of English Charters, from the Reign of King Æthelberht of Kent, A.D. D.C.V., to that of William the Conqueror. By Benjamin Thorpe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

before and what has not. Even in his preface he does not give us the least hint as to what his intentions are. There is indeed a dark saying that "this volume is based" on the Codex Diplomaticus, and an implied admission that part of the preface itself is borrowed from the Introduction to Mr. Kemble's first volume. What, then, is Mr. Thorpe's object? We have not the least doubt that he has carefully collated Mr. Kemble's text with the manuscripts, because we see in several places that the peculiarities of Mr. Kemble's editing are removed. We feel no doubt that in those charters which Mr. Thorpe has reprinted we have a text, perhaps not abstractedly so accurate as Mr. Kemble's, but more faithful to the existing manuscripts. Was it then Mr. Thorpe's intention to give a selection from Mr. Kemble's collection, collated again and edited so as more perfectly to represent the manuscripts? For this there may be something to be said, though we confess that, if such a process were begun at all, we should like to see it extended to the whole contents of the Codex Diplomaticus. But if this be Mr. Thorpe's intention, he leaves us to guess at it. He nowhere states directly that this was his object, or what his object was at all. We therefore do not at all wonder that the Master of the Rolls twice declined to publish the present work, or part of it, or something of which it is a part, at the expense of the nation.

In all this we trust that we are not wronging Mr. Thorpe, for whose former labours we have a very sincere respect, but in this case we really cannot make out what he is after, and apparently the Master of the Rolls could not either. Mr. Thorpe may very likely have done himself injustice by being so little explicit in his preface; very likely he has some intelligible and praiseworthy object, though both Lord Romilly and ourselves have failed to make out what it is. But if a man does himself this sort of injustice, it is his own fault, and he must take the consequences. As it is, the subscribers to the *Diplomatarium Anglicum* may make a complaint exactly opposite to that made by the subscribers to *Horse Ferales*. The latter class of unfortunates subscribed for a certain quantity of Kemble, and had a certain quantity of Latham passed off upon them instead. The subscribers to the *Diplomatarium* subscribed for a certain quantity of Thorpe, and they got instead a certain quantity of Kemble which they had already.

In one point Mr. Thorpe has done wisely. At least he has kept himself from doing a foolish thing; but he would have done more wisely still if he had kept to himself the fact that he had once intended to do it:—

It was my intention to close this preface with a few strictures on some of the weightiest and most costly of the works published under the above-mentioned Direction; but I will reserve all such for the second part of a small pamphlet which I issued some time ago, entitled "Some Correspondence relative to the Materials of British History;" in this will be given the correspondence down to the final rejection of the *Diplomatarium*. I will here merely venture on the opinion, that good new editions of the best of our chronicles printed in the collections of Savile, Twysden, Gale, and others, would have been more welcome and infinitely more useful than, very few excepted, the entire mass of those printed under the said Direction. The rule for these publications is to admit no reprint—a worse, perhaps, it would be difficult to conceive; for if it be asked, Why has this or that work been suffered to lie for centuries in manuscript? what is the answer likely to be?

There is both sense and truth in this paragraph. The rule about reprints is a foolish one, and some of the publications in the series of *Chronicles and Memorials* are worthless. Indeed about reprints he might bring a worse charge with perfect truth; the rule is not strictly acted out, but is sometimes carried out, sometimes not, in a manner which, as far as we can see, is altogether capricious. We agree with Mr. Thorpe that we should do well to exchange many volumes of the series for better and cheaper editions of those chronicles which, shut up in costly folios, are sealed books to many students who really wish to make use of them. But, on the other hand, many volumes of the series are the opposite to worthless, and the series has distinctly improved as it has gone on. At first there was a certain air of clique about the thing; now, whatever may be the still remaining faults of the series, it is clear that the Master of the Rolls is ready to welcome the help of competent scholars wherever he can find them. Anyhow, Mr. Thorpe had better leave the business of reviewing the *Chronicles and Memorials* to others. He may perhaps know that on some of the volumes we have been as little sparing of censure as he could be. But for a scholar whose book has been rejected to go and turn the preface to the rejected book into a review of those books which have been accepted would have been a very foolish act indeed. Mr. Thorpe has thought better of it. It would have been better still if he had not told us anything about the intention which he abandoned.

The pamphlet spoken of in our extract we have unluckily not seen, as possibly it might clear up our difficulty about the use and object of the work. But, if so, why put into the form of a separate pamphlet matter of the kind for whose reception we had always thought that prefaces were invented?

As for the early Charters themselves, though Mr. Thorpe can hardly set forth their value except in words borrowed from Mr. Kemble, their historical importance can scarcely be overrated. As both their editors say, they are the State Papers of the period. Though the greater part of them relate to affairs which are rather private than public, the private ones do not the less illustrate history. Indeed, under the common name of Charters, documents of all kinds are gathered together; and this general use of the word is etymologically quite exact, though it is some-

times apt to puzzle the uninitiated. Among the Charters we find the public acts of Kings, Bishops, and Aldermen, to a great extent consisting of grants of land or privileges to monasteries and other ecclesiastical bodies, but also comprising other documents of all kinds, belonging to all departments of internal government. But a great many of the so-called Charters are private acts of all sorts—wills, deeds, and, one specially interesting class, the manumissions of slaves. In short, while the *Chronicles* give us the facts of history, it is to the Charters, in combination with the successive codes of Laws, that we must go fully to understand the form of government, the administration of the law, the tenure of land, the general social condition of our forefathers. And indeed the Charters are often even more distinctly historical than this. They supply us with many dates, and enable us to correct or to understand many passages of history. And the signatures of the witnesses, especially to the royal charters, are an especially valuable source of information. They largely illustrate the nature of offices and the succession of those who held them; in studying the life of a famous man of those times, it almost amounts to a biography when we can trace his signature through a succession of documents, and see when he begins to sign and when he leaves off, under what different titles he is described, and how he gradually rises in the scale of precedence. Again, the changes in the royal style form the most speaking comment on the growth of the English dominion. The King of the West-Saxons grows into the King of the Saxons, the King of the English, the Basileus or Emperor of all Britain. In the days of Edgar especially, every effort of a false rhetoric is employed to set off the greatness of the monarch; Latin fails, and Greek has to be called in. The charter is put forth "in summi tonantis onomate," or "regnante Theo in æona æonum"; the witnesses are "satrapæ," "archontes," anything in the world that was most unlike an English Ealdorman, and each witness seems to make it a matter of conscience to sign according to a different formula from any of his fellows. The hellenizing tendency of the age would indeed throw a strong doubt on the special force of *Basileus*, were it not that we now and then find the still more definite word *Imperator*. The truth doubtless is, not that any notion of imperial dignity lingered on in Britain from the days of Carausius, Maximus, or Aurelius Ambrosianus, but simply that the English Kings thought it grand to imitate the style of the Emperors of both East and West. To imitate the Western Emperors they had indeed special temptations. Their position in Britain really was closely analogous to that of the Emperors on the continent. Ecgbert too, it should be remembered—though he never indulged in any vagaries of this kind—was the guest of Charles the Great. As his guest he was probably his pupil, and he doubtless laboured to be in Britain what Charles was elsewhere. In the next century the West-Saxon and Old-Saxon royal houses were closely connected, and Eadgar, in whose time the thing reaches its height, would not choose to be outdone by his uncle Otto.

Most of the Charters are in Latin; but a large minority are in English. The use of English seems to have received a great encouragement in the time of Alfred; and for some purposes it was always used, even when the body of the document was in Latin, as, for instance, for marking out boundaries. As a rule, English Charters are commonly short, business-like, and to the purpose; Latin ones are long and full of matter very little to the purpose, though it is only fair to say that the tenth century is the golden age of absurdity in this respect, the earlier ones being much more rational. We suppose that, when the Charter was in English, the King or Lord dictated it—it would be too much to suppose that he wrote it—in his own words; when it was in Latin, his chaplain drew it up, and took the opportunity to show off all his Latin, and his Greek too, if he had any. The following document, just eight hundred years old, strikes us as singularly business-like. The Queen-Dowager (in more correct phrase, the Old Lady) had a clear eye to the main chance. We will keep as near to the Old-English as the hope of being understood by modern Englishmen will let us:—

Eadgith the Lady, Eadward King's left one [widow] greets all that [the] hundred at Wedmore friendly. And I tell you that I have given Giso Bishop that land at Markton, and all those things that thereto with right belongs, for his canons [or his canonical church] at Saint Andrews at Wells, with sac and with socn, so full and so forth as it to myself in hand stood, for Eadward King's soul and mine soul. And I bid [pray] you that you deem me right doom of Wudemann, to whom I a horse entrusted, and my gavel [rent] hath he effolden two years, either honey and eke fee [money]. God you hold.

The bit about the horse and the rent is perfect; part of the rent seems to have been paid in honey, which suggests that Queen Eadgith was the original Queen of the nursery tale who is described as "eating bread and honey" in her parlour. But one part of the document is puzzling. Mr. Thorpe translates "into his canon-can," "for his canonry," of which we hardly see the meaning as applied to the Bishop. The English of this document is very corrupt, and perhaps we should read "canonicum." Or, again, "canonia," and "canonica," though rare words, both exist in the sense of church or house of canons. The charter, as taken in connection with the history of Giso published in Mr. Hunter's "Ecclesiastical Documents," is of some importance.

Many of the manumissions of slaves are highly interesting, as showing how deep-rooted the practice of slavery in England was, and also how pious a work the manumission of the slave was held to be. Sometimes the slave purchases his own freedom. It must be remembered that the slave class was replenished in two ways; by the posterity of criminals reduced to slavery for their crimes, and that of captives taken in war. Slaves, therefore, are most abundant

in the shires on the Welsh border. The freedman can "choose a lord where he will," according to the Teutonic principle of *comitatus*. Many of the documents are later than the Conquest, Norman names coming in abundantly. But the deeds are in English all the same. Nothing in truth can be more removed from the truth than the notion, which has got abroad from the false Ingulf, that William tried to root out the English language—the language which he himself tried, though unsuccessfully, to learn. After the Conquest, documents continued to be, as before, written either in Latin or in English. It is to the second Conquest, the Conquest of the twelfth century, not to that of the eleventh, that we must look for the beginning of change in this as well as in so many other matters.

SKETCHES OF CAMBRIDGE.*

WE all owe to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a great deal of both amusement and instruction, and our contemporary has been specially fortunate in some of the series of articles which have appeared in its columns. A series is, generally speaking, rather a dangerous experiment for a daily paper. There is a difficulty in keeping up the interest, and it is by no means easy to make the different articles distinct enough to be pleasant apart, without spoiling them when they come to be collected. These and some other obvious difficulties have been successfully overcome in Mr. Trollope's *Hunting Sketches*, and in Mr. Hutton's *Studies in Parliament*; but we think the *Sketches of Cambridge*, by a Don, are in some respects superior to either. The subject has more interest than Mr. Trollope's, and the style is more likely to be popular than Mr. Hutton's. The book of course is, and was meant to be, very slight, and aims almost exclusively at amusement, though it contains here and there proofs that it is the trifling of a cultivated, thoughtful, and acute observer, who has done much more at Cambridge than amuse himself. Amusement, however, is his principal object in the present volume, which is one of the best books of the sort that have come under our notice for a long while. One great merit of it is that you see at once that it is the fun of a gentleman. It contains humour and anecdote enough to have been swollen out by a regular bookmaker to ten times its size, but it is very short. It may be read in an hour, and it gives the impression of having been written as a sensible man might write a letter to a friend. There is in it no "Oh my brother," not a touch of sentiment, and none of the humorous bunkum which some authors manufacture by the ton. The author throws off one sketch after another—short, sharp, brimful of humour, and without any sort of nonsense about it—until he has said what he has to say, when he simply stops.

The great characteristic of the book is its humour. It comes naturally to the writer apparently to give to the simplest things the most curiously grotesque turns without any appearance of effort, for nothing can be more perfectly quiet than the style and language. The following are a few instances:—

His only ornament, a statuette of Newton (apparently in the act of making the remarkable discovery that you can't see through a plaster prism), kept watch, &c. . . . A man may spend a happy life in cultivating an almost indecent familiarity with curves of the higher orders. The reading man, *par excellence*. We all know the ideal representative of the class. Sir Isaac Newton, sitting on his bedside with one leg of his trousers on and one off, meditating on the solar system. . . . The pleasing belief that whenever Providence brings mouths into the world it will find wherewithal to feed them. The profane form of this theory, by the way, is that you ought to marry, because your relations can't let you starve.

The phrase about the curves of the higher orders is singularly good, but, more or less, about every page of the book affords proofs of the same gift.

As for the book itself, it consists of a dozen little sketches, partly of various classes of dons, partly of various classes of undergraduates. Old Cambridge men will read them with infinite amusement, and those unfortunate persons who were not educated at Cambridge—and of whom, by the way, the author kindly observes, "They, too, are God's creatures"—will probably get some kind of glimpse from it of a sort of life which is about as unlike what is described in the pages of popular novelists as anything can possibly be. Even Mr. Thackeray was not altogether successful in his treatment of the subject in *Pendennis*; Mr. Hughes made too much of it; and the Verdant Green school of University novel is simply contemptible. In the Don's eyes the proportions and importance of his subject are not distorted by any moral purpose which must at all hazards be illustrated and pressed on the acceptance of mankind, and he is not under the necessity of filling up page after page of a popular novel with startling incidents peppered with University names. He sees in dons nothing but a set of men with whom he is in the habit of associating, and whose characteristics at times amuse him, and in undergraduates a set of spirited lads with some salient points of character, but by no means adapted for the purposes of novelists.

The Don is one of the few writers on University matters who appear to us to take a correct view of the real nature of the education which is given at Cambridge. His view is that, taken in themselves, the subjects in which instruction is given are almost valueless; that their secondary effects as mental gymnastics are unduly exaggerated, except as regards a very small and select minority; and that there is no particular reason why that small minority might not obtain the same results, such as they are,

by other means. As to the great majority, he says with unanswerable point and weight:—

Nothing but custom could persuade parents or sons that the best use to be made of the three years after eighteen is to make ignorant youths into third-rate classics and mathematicians, especially as they are immediately to forget all about it. . . . If any one doubts this he may ask himself whether he would recommend a stupid lad of eighteen living in London, who was to enter a profession in three years time, to pass the intervening years in attending third-rate lectures in Greek and Latin.

As to the minority, he admits that classics and mathematics "strengthen the intellectual faculties as lifting weights and jumping bars strengthen the muscles"; but are classics and mathematics not only a way of strengthening the mind, but the best way of doing it? If asked this question, "we appeal to 'all experience,' an appeal to experience being a well-known method of at once refusing to argue, and looking preternaturally wise." He adds, with great truth, "Of course, if we had been in the habit of teaching chemistry or history, or the art of shoemaking, we should have made the same appeal, and with just the same confidence." The real truth, says the Don, is that Cambridge is an intellectual Newmarket, richly endowed with plates in the shape of fellowships, "worth on an average 2,500*l.*," plus the chance of taking pupils or getting a professorship. By long and careful practice the whole character of the competition has been ascertained with such completeness that men can be measured against each other in certain particulars with extreme nicety. To replace this by any other test would be a matter of long time and great difficulty.

No one [says the Don] comes to the University in order to learn. If that is too strong a statement [we do not think it is], I may at least say that no one comes with a view to learning chiefly. . . . The predominant desire in horse-racing is of course to win money, and that is precisely the desire which animates our undergraduates. They wish, indeed, to win glory too, but as the measure of glory is the amount it will fetch in the Church or at the Bar, it comes to very much the same thing.

The effect which he describes is what might have been expected. "The class of mind which generally comes to the top in our intellectual contests belongs to a man . . . of the strong, hard-headed, indomitably persevering breed. He is frequently a big North-countryman." This is certainly a curious view of a University, but no one who knows Cambridge well will dispute its substantial truth. The average men are what average young Englishmen of the easy classes are everywhere. The men who profit by the intellectual training and enter into the spirit of the place are vigorous, hard-headed, positive, and unromantic to a degree. Their education is a matter of business; their object throughout is to get money, generally for a start in a liberal profession; and the education which they receive is so contrived as to exercise over them a minimum of direct moral influence.

The well-known contrast between the two Universities certainly coincides with this. The Oxford training is much more ambitious, and no doubt does produce much greater moral effect when it produces any at all, but there is much to be said for the Cambridge system. The Don compares the two with his usual point. "The modern Oxford Reformer," he says, "is of a breed comparatively rare amongst us." "He is apt to be a democrat in kid gloves; he propounds revolutionary sentiments sufficient to make a bishop's hair bristle on his head in a subdued and ladylike voice." Cambridge seldom produces cultivated Jacobins and accomplished positivists. It is the natural home of Gallios in religion and politics. The Don says with great truth:—"The movement led by Dr. Newman scarcely stirred our languid minds; *Essays and Reviews* have not seriously troubled our repose." Cambridge scepticism is apt to run very deep indeed, but it seldom makes much noise, and never, or hardly ever, takes to reforming. Religious doubts at Cambridge generally produce no other effect than that of making some Fellow or Tutor rather less comfortable and more reserved on such topics than he would otherwise be. The Don characteristically tells us that when, during the late American war, high tables and combination rooms were grievously exercised and divided into opposite sides by their Northern or Southern proclivities respectively, nothing was more likely to still the storm than to give the conversation a theological turn. "This would, I believe, be a dangerous expedient in a country parish . . . but at Cambridge I have always found that it is a topic which every one can discuss in perfect good temper except the few whom it sends to sleep." No doubt a great deal of this temper of mind is owing to the business-like view taken of learning at Cambridge. Where students look up to their tutors rather as trainers than as teachers, there is little room for the development of those sentiments which are so characteristic of the relations between Oxford men and their elders. Since Mr. Simeon's days there has been nothing at all at Cambridge resembling in the least degree the state of feeling which has existed between a long line of Oxford professors and tutors and their pupils, perhaps for the last forty years or more. Whatever the cause may be, it most certainly is the fact, that nearly every movement of what some people would call a dreamy and unpractical, and what other people would call a peculiarly spiritual and unworldly, aspect has proceeded from Oxford, and has altogether failed to take root at Cambridge. The Tractarian movement, the Positivist movement, and pietistic Deism are all products of what may be called the Oxford mind. The Don illustrates this very well by putting forward Mr. Gladstone and Lord Macaulay as good representatives of the intellectual tone of the two Universities. The contrast is effective and just, but it seldom happens that the distinction is traceable so late. In most cases a few years of active life entirely remove it.

* *Sketches of Cambridge*. By a Don. Reprinted from the "*Pall Mall Gazette*." London: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

We should have liked to give a few specimens of the anecdotes with which this amusing little volume abounds, but it is hardly fair to pick out an author's plums for the benefit of a review, and we must refer our readers to the volume itself, assuring them that it does contain plums of a superior quality.

THE HEAVENS.*

THERE is no royal road to physics, any more than there is to geometry, or to any other of the exact sciences. But if anything might be thought likely to make the study of astronomy easy and engaging to ordinary minds, it would assuredly be a work of the attractive style and handsome—we may almost say sumptuous—aspect of M. Guillemin's treatise on *The Heavens*. The English version by Mr. Norman Lockyer, from the second French edition, is enriched by the plates of the original work, to which a few new illustrations have been added. The translator has further interspersed occasional remarks or notes of his own, where the author's meaning might be made more clear and full, or where more recent discoveries in science called for notice. Of the translation itself we cannot speak too highly. It has in general all the force and freshness of original writing, and gives us the clear and often picturesque style of the author, with hardly a trace of having passed through the medium of another mind. The coloured lithographs and woodcuts—the former forty in number, the latter a few short of two hundred—are executed in that high style of art which a first-class Parisian firm may be trusted to secure for its scientific publications. And if the volume may be thought somewhat cumbersome in point of form, there will be abundant compensation, to all readers of judgment, in that amplitude of scale in delineating the celestial objects which has been the cause of such unusual bulk.

The first part of M. Guillemin's work is occupied with the Solar System, beginning with the constitution of the sun itself, and passing on successively to the several bodies that revolve round it, in the order of their respective distances. There is of course less scope for absolutely new matter, in treating of the planetary cycle, than in many other portions of the subject. But the ascertained facts concerning the motions and constituent matter of these bodies, together with the general laws of arrangement of the solar system, have never been more concisely or vividly drawn out in a popular form. As regards the solar mass, we have the latest conclusions of astronomers analysed and sifted with much critical judgment, and such points as are positively determined by observation and reasoning carefully distinguished from those which are still matter of hypothesis and conjecture. The different theories upon the nature and causes of the sun-spots are lucidly expounded by the aid of the admirable drawings of Nasmyth, Herschel, the editor, and others, as well as by that of the photographic records taken almost daily at the Kew Observatory. No description, however full and precise, can after all come up to the effect of a single glimpse of such graphic illustrations as we have here. In that, for instance, given by Mr. Nasmyth (fig. 9) of a portion of the sun's disk, we get a most vivid impression of a spot, or chasm, in the photosphere, enabling the eye to distinguish at once the central umbra, the penumbra around, and slender luminous bridges, or *striae* of light, spanning the dark void behind. The mottled or wavy appearance of the general surface, the "willow leaves" of the observer, could hardly be more faithfully rendered. In another, by Father Secchi, we are shown the effects apparently due to a cyclone or circular disturbance of the solar atmosphere, May 5, 1857, in which the spiral movement of the medium is strikingly conspicuous. In a remarkable view taken by Mr. Lockyer himself, April 2, 1865, we see, on the other hand, a spot by no means cyclonic, but of the ordinary character, in which a tongue of luminous *facula* showed itself stretching half-way across the dark background. After a few hours a striking change was here remarked, a process of condensation going on apparently in a portion of the cloudy mass. A very brilliant train of *facula* gradually melted away into umbra. Three or four cloud-masses on the inner edge of the penumbra were observed to detach themselves from it at different points, like bergs floating away from the parent glacier cliff, and to traverse the umbra towards the centre of the spot, where they melted out of sight.

With illustrations of this artistic kind before him, the reader has really almost as definite an impression of celestial phenomena as if he were seated at the eye-piece of a telescope. And in reasoning from the phenomena themselves to the ultimate facts which relate to the composition of our great luminary, the amateur or unprofessional student stands on a footing not much more insecure or vague than that of the most advanced astronomer. No sooner does science seek to advance, beyond the few superficial data which meet the eye, to some positive theory of the nature of the solar mass or its visible envelope, than we seem lost in conflicting and vague hypotheses. Mr. Lockyer has gone even beyond his author in the fulness and candour with which he has set out these rival conjectures in their latest phases, and enabled us to weigh their respective merits. He is laudably cautious not to dogmatize where so little can be known for certain. Is the solar nucleus a dark, cold, solid mass, as generally held till late years, surrounded by an incandescent photosphere or en-

velope, evolving heat, light, and electricity? Or is the central body itself, on the other hand, a mass of matter, liquid or gaseous, an "infinitely heated earth," as it seemed to Newton, and as the ingenious experiments of Kirchhoff and Bunsen upon the solar spectrum have inclined many to believe? It is certainly hard to conceive that the metallic and other elementary matters which are shown by spectrum analysis to exist in the visible photosphere in a state of vapour, can be present there as the result of a previous incandescence of a central mass of the same materials which has long ago cooled down and solidified. If the central orb is to be regarded as the solid precipitate from an incandescent mass coextensive with the present photosphere, would it not have shrunk into a bulk infinitely less than that which we have learnt to assign to the sun's mass? And what would be the extent and nature of the intervening void? When Arago and other astronomers speak freely of "incandescent gas," it is by no means clear how far they consider this self-sustained incandescence to extend into the interior substance of the sun. Has the photosphere a concave inner surface as well defined as that of the exterior spherical disk? Again, if containing within itself a cold hard nucleus, must not the photosphere part rapidly with its light and heat inwards, while radiating the same freely on all sides into space? And how, whatever its origin, are we to suppose the luminous and calorific envelope to be kept from exhaustion? These problems are further complicated by the hypothesis of an additional atmosphere enveloping the luminous disk, in which the red flames seen in solar eclipses are supposed to float. On Kirchhoff's theory, the solar spots are due to clouds thrown off by partial cooling of the photosphere, and projecting a shadow upon the luminous surface. Against this, however, there is the fact that stereoscopic observations show the spots as actual cavities. And when disappearing at the edge of the sun's limb, these spots appear, not as projections beyond the surface, but as indentations of the limb.

In the phenomena of incandescence which meet us in our observations of the sun there are many points at variance with the familiar laws of combustion in our own sphere. According to the experiments of Mitscherlich, it is the pure metals, not their chemical combinations, which exist in the solar atmosphere. Vapours of iron, nickel, copper, zinc, and barium, together with sodium, have been found there, though not yet those of gold, silver, mercury, lead, or tin. The bodies which support combustion, such as oxygen and chlorine, are not observed in it. We thus seem to be carried further than ever from the idea of a self-supporting envelope of heat and light fed by no central fiery mass. Mr. Lockyer, indeed, seems content with the solution of M. Faye, that the formation of a photosphere is a "simple consequence of cooling." When, however, he adds that it "may be considered in fact as the limit which separates the intense heat of the interior portions of the sun from the vacuum and cold of space," we are at a loss to tell whether he wavers from his fundamental theory of a cold nucleus. Nor is it at all clear to us whether, in the main, he inclines most to M. Faye's hypothesis of a "gaseous spheroid, having an envelope of metallic matters precipitated in the shape of luminous cloud," or to that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who holds that "a liquid film enclosing a solid nucleus exists beneath the visible photosphere." In this portion of the work, indeed, we can expect neither author nor editor to speak with absolute confidence or precision. In his summary of M. Faye's theory, Mr. Lockyer has been perhaps too brief to render full justice to the ingenious note of the French *savant*. It deserves to be read at length in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, for the 23rd of January last year.

In no branch of physical astronomy has the advance of science during the last few years been more striking or more full of interest than in that which relates to the nature and the motions of meteoric bodies. The positive results arrived at by the concurrent efforts of numerous observers are admirably summed up by M. Guillemin. The number of these extra-telluric bodies is surprising. Mr. Newton, an American astronomer, has calculated that the average number of meteors which traverse our heavens, and are large enough to be visible to the naked eye in a dark clear night, is no less than 7,500,000. Applying the same reasoning to telescopic meteors, their numbers will have to be increased to 400,000,000. At two periods of the year—about the 10th of August and the 11th of November—these phenomena are vastly more numerous than usual. At Boston, in 1833, an observer counted 650 in fifteen minutes. At Naples, in 1839, as many as 1,000 shooting stars were seen by Capocci and Nobile in four hours; and 316 within one hour by M. Walferdin at Bourbonne les Bains. Mr. Alexander Herschel, who is to England what Mr. Newton is to America in this matter, has collated numerous observations tending to show the heights of meteors. These heights range from 7 to 300 miles. It would thence appear that their incandescence is by no means due in all cases to the friction of our atmosphere. Their average velocity, deduced from 66 instances, was found to be 33.4 miles a second, or nearly twice the velocity of the earth in its orbit. Roughly estimated, according to the dynamical theory of heat, the weight of twenty shooting-stars was, on an average, a little more than two ounces each. A similar estimate of the largest meteor observed in 1863 gave 2 cwt. The weight of the meteoric mass in the Natural History Museum in Paris, engraved by M. Guillemin, is 15 cwt. That in the British Museum closely resembles it in size, weight, and structure. Whether the luminous bodies seen are in all or most instances of a solid nature, is highly uncertain. Many would appear to be dissipated in our atmosphere, or to fall in ferruginous

* *The Heavens*. An Illustrated Handbook of Popular Astronomy. By Amédée Guillemin. Edited by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.A.S. Bentley, 1866.

dust. In those which have been collected, chemical analysis has detected about eighteen simple bodies, all identical with the elements of our own earth. Amongst these the principal are sulphide of iron, metallic and magnetic iron, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus and carbon, with traces of silicium, potassium, sodium, and aluminium. Latterly the presence of nitrogen has been detected. The chemical combinations of these bodies do not differ from those with which we are acquainted, excepting two or three, of which one, *schreibersite*, has recently, we are told, been artificially reproduced by MM. Faye and H. Deville (*Comptes Rendus*, Nov. 16, 1863). In observing the trajectories described by meteors on the celestial vault, it has been noticed that the greatest number seem to be emitted from the same part of the heavens, called the "radiant point." The star μ Leonis, is the point of the November showers; γ Persei, that of those in August. No less than fifty-six radiant points have been shown to exist in different seasons of the year. These points in the Lion and Perseus are precisely those towards which our globe is travelling, in its annual movement round the sun, at the two epochs of November and August. Hence astronomers have concluded that the appearance of shooting stars is caused by the earth's passage through rings composed of myriads of these bodies, circulating, like the larger planets, round the sun. A French physicist has detected the fact that both in November and August there is an increase of temperature about the period of the star showers, and a corresponding decrease in February and May. And this diminution of heat has with much plausibility been referred to the interposition of meteoric rings, at that period, between us and the sun. The increase of temperature, on the contrary, in August and November is due, on the same theory, to these rings preventing the radiation of heat from our globe, and possibly to their radiating towards us a part of the heat which they themselves receive. In his account of Saturn, M. Guillemin speaks favourably of the hypothesis which is now gaining ground, that the rings of that planet are, in fact, accumulations of minute satellites, drawn out into flat disks by centrifugal force, and balanced by the attraction of the central orb, together with that of its larger moons.

In the chapter on Comets, we have the latest and most promising results of speculation upon those mysterious visitants. Upon the subject of nebule, variable and coloured stars, and the stellar system in general, M. Guillemin is equally precise and full. The notion that the different colours of the fixed stars could be referred simply to the refrangibility of the medium through which their rays have to pass to the earth, so as to form an index to the relative distances of those bodies in space, seems to be losing its hold upon astronomers. This is mainly the result of the recent experiments in spectrum analysis. The theory is not even alluded to by M. Guillemin, though it was dwelt upon with much confidence by Admiral Smyth in the latest additions to his *Celestial Cycle*. The chromatic scale suggested by that esteemed observer for the comparison of the colours of stars finds, we perceive, its place in the work before us. Thorough justice, we may indeed say, has been done throughout to the labours of English men of science. Altogether M. Guillemin's "Handbook" deserves to be spoken of with all praise, as one towards which author, editor, illustrator, and publisher have equally done their best.

WHAT MONEY CAN'T DO.*

THERE is a homely adage which declares that "there is no fool like an old fool." The proposition is coarsely stated, but it is not unnatural to suppose that a person who has passed middle life without having acquired a reasonable amount of discretion must have had an abnormally small share to begin with. The author of *What Money Can't Do* is modestly conscious of having reached a tolerably mature age without being much the wiser for it. He tells us, with engaging candour:—

Reader, I have lived seventy-three years in this world, and my knowledge of it, and my powers of comprehending it, become less and more confused every day. When I was twenty my juvenile ignorance was always thrown in my teeth; at forty I fancied I had learnt much, and understood much of the world's ways; at sixty I found that at forty I had simply deluded myself; what I shall do seven years hence, if I live so long, when I shall be eighty, I cannot say, but possibly come to the conclusion that at twenty I was as wise and knew as much about it as I ever did at any other period of my life.

Having so moderate an estimate of his own capabilities (an estimate, by the way, which the book fully bears out), the question naturally suggests itself, "Why on earth did the old gentleman attempt to write a novel?" However, as the author philosophically remarks on another grave subject (the rattling of cab-windows), there is doubtless some wise reason for the fact, or it would not be permitted to exist. On this cheerful principle, which accounts satisfactorily for everything of which (like black-beetles and the cattle plague) it is hard to see the use, we are content to take *What Money Can't Do* as an accomplished fact, and to inquire no further into its *raison d'être*.

Having informed us that he has not the smallest knowledge of the world, the author proceeds to justify his assertion. Xavier de Montépin, in his wildest moments, never evolved out of his internal consciousness a more extravagant and improbable phase of domestic immorality than the motive incident of this story—an

incident which the author evidently looks upon as being by no means sensational, but quite in the ordinary course of events. Mrs. Crawford, the wife of a general officer who is devotedly attached to her, is false to her husband, without even the poor excuse of love for her paramour. This is not altogether a pleasant or instructive picture; but we know that such things do occur; though rarely, we would hope, for the credit of poor human nature, to ladies surrounded by so many moral safeguards as Mrs. Crawford. But the extraordinary part of the story is to come. We are not told that she is separated even for one day from her husband, but by some mysterious arrangement she is, without his knowledge, delivered of a child. Under such circumstances, it might have occurred to any woman, even the least acute, to take the benefit of the maxim of the jurists, *Pater est quem nuptia demonstrant*. There was nothing in the world to prevent it, and nobody would have been any the wiser. But this would have been a common-sense proceeding, and the author of *What Money Can't Do* is much above anything so vulgar as common sense. The child of mystery is, immediately after its birth, consigned to the seducer, Robert Kennedy, who brings it up, without an attempt at concealment, as his own. It is known that he is not married, but although General Crawford is in constant intercourse with him, and sees the child almost daily, it never occurs to him to inquire who the mother may be; and on Kennedy's death he, still in blissful ignorance, permits his wife to take charge of the orphan to England, in company with her acknowledged children. This, however, is merely the prologue to the drama. When the story commences, Robert Kennedy is just dead, having bequeathed his very large fortune to the child of mystery and his brother, Joseph Kennedy, a vulgar stockbroker. General and Mrs. Crawford have returned to England, and the plot turns upon the influence exercised upon Mrs. Crawford by one Hammond, an unscrupulous scoundrel who has discovered her guilty secret. By means of the power thus gained, he forces her to promote a marriage between her eldest daughter (whose affections are already engaged) and the parvenu Joseph Kennedy. The title of the book has special reference to this person, who is made to "point a moral and adorn a tale" in order to show that no amount of money can ensure happiness, or convert a vulgar snob into a gentleman.

We have devoted much reflection to the discovery of the author's strong point, and after a good deal of consideration we are disposed to yield the palm to his descriptions of social life, of which we offer a specimen. Joseph Kennedy and his sister are spending the evening with the family of a Mr. Hardy, a solicitor:—

Tea now came in: tea as understood amongst that class in society, that is, a tray with cups and saucers, an empty teapot, a kettle already boiling placed on the fire, and the tea-caddy, containing both tea and sugar, which Miss Jemima had fetched, was put on the table. Mrs. Hardy, after searching in half a dozen pockets, at length found the keys to open it.

She then measured out six teaspoonfuls of tea, being one for each person, and one for the teapot. The teapot was duly heated before the tea was put in, and then sufficient boiling-water poured over it to well cover the leaves; this being done, it was placed inside the fender to "stand" for ten minutes exactly by the clock, when more water was added, and the brew was considered perfected. Miss Hardy, by desire of her mother, rang the bell. The summons was answered in a minute or two by the maid bringing a small tray containing a plate of hot buttered muffins, and another of hot buttered toast. Bread and butter and dry toast, with a pot of marmalade, already stood on the table.

This is a style of thing that one does not often meet in a three-volume novel. It has been reserved for the author of *What Money Can't Do* to combine the playful *badinage* of the "swell" with the scientific exactness of the cookery-book. Apart from the graceful English of the passage, what an idea the happy phrase "that class in society" gives us of the tremendous social height from which the writer looks down upon such low creatures as solicitors and stockbrokers! How condescending of such a superior being to take the trouble to write a novel, and to expose the treasures of his genius to the public gaze! We hope "that class in society" will be properly grateful to him. Here is another masterly sketch—the stockbroker's sister waiting to receive some friends:—

Miss Kennedy did not feel at home in her new gown; she started whenever she moved, because of the sudden crackle that followed; besides it was just a little tight across the chest, and she kept throwing her shoulders back at the risk—only she didn't know it—of bursting the whole body in two; but as that catastrophe did not occur, I don't know why I alluded to it. Then Miss Kennedy thought it quite necessary she should wear gloves; she thought ladies always wore gloves, and Jemima Hardy had told her that Miss Knox, who was Miss Hardy's dressmaker, and who had been employed to make the crackling black silk, had said that Lady Mary Lebone—who, of course, all the world knows, is the most fashionable woman of the day—always wore gloves, for Lady Mary Lebone's lady's-maid had told Miss Knox she did. Lady Mary Lebone's lady's-maid had not told Miss Knox at the same time that her ladyship had a terrible purple scar all over her right hand. However, that has nothing to do with us. Some ladies do wear gloves, and have the greatest *pensant* for doing so when they can get two dozen of Jouvin's presented to them. They keep the hand white and soft, there's no doubt of that.

So Miss Kennedy had on a new pair of black kid gloves, for which she paid the sum of two shillings. Unlike the dress, they were very thick. It was a pity she could not reverse their respective qualities. They were quite large enough, yet she could not succeed in getting them on beyond a certain point; do what she would, the fingers could not be made to fit in to the ends. There they were, the five bits, one standing out from the end of each finger. One would imagine all cheap gloves were made solely for the use of Chinese ladies, and those small ends cut that comical shape on purpose to fit the nails.

Seriously, could the force of feebleness any further go? We are apt to boast of the liberty of the press, but when the liberty of

* *What Money Can't Do*. A Novel. By the Author of "Altogether Wrong," "The World's Furniture," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

the press means the liberty to print three volumes of such miserable twaddle as this, we cannot help feeling that there is a great deal to be said on the other side. We will not go so far as to say that novels, like plays, should be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain; but it would be an unquestionable public gain if authors were at least compelled to submit their manuscripts to a conveyancing counsel of the Court of Chancery, who should strike out all that was stupid or irrelevant. We suspect that very few novels would retain their full complement of three volumes after passing through the ordeal. *What Money Can't Do* would gently subside to the dimensions of the domestic washing-book.

As the author is so successful in describing middle-class society, it may be worth while to inquire what is considered to be the standard of good manners in that higher circle to which he also is good enough to introduce us. Isabella Crawford is described as an impulsive and undisciplined young lady, and therefore we are not so surprised as we might otherwise be when we find that she is accustomed to speak of her elder sister as a "respectable party," and to "bound into a room, and make two or three pirouettes before she can stop herself." But when Maud Crawford, the "respectable party" herself, the author's model of elegant propriety, discourages an unwelcome suitor by habitually "turning round her haughty face when he says a civil thing, and asking him 'if he had spoken,'" we find that our preconceived notions of the manners of a lady require a good deal of correction. His notions of a wife's duty are equally peculiar. After having snubbed her suitor in this graceful manner an unlimited number of times, Maud finally marries him, in obedience to the pressing solicitations of her mother, who tells her that all sorts of indefinite but horrible consequences will accrue to her father, and the family generally, if she refuses to do so. Having sacrificed her young affections at the shrine of duty, commonplace people would imagine that it would be equally a matter of duty to behave towards her husband as a wife. There is a foolish prejudice to the effect that when a woman vows before the altar to "love, honour, and obey," a corresponding obligation is created. The author of *What Money Can't Do* thinks differently. This is his heroine's view of the duty of a wife to a husband who, vulgar though he be, tries his best to do his duty by her:—

Maud never varied in her behaviour to her husband from the first moment she became his wife, or during the whole time she was such. Before visitors, or if the servants were in the room, she talked on ordinary subjects; but otherwise, beyond a cold distant "good morning" and "good night," she never opened her lips. She was proud, haughty, and reserved; to the world she was his wife, but to herself she was as far beyond his reach as the bough richly laden with delicious fruit was to Tantalus.

To be fully appreciated, this passage must be read in conjunction with another which occurs later in the book:—

Maud was one of those rare characters—most rare amongst her own sex—who considered that doing right, whether pleasant or not, was the only alternative. It was not optional, at least with her. If she saw which way her duty lay, she followed it; if ever the reverse occurred, it was either through ignorance or from some undefinable influence against which she felt powerless. But her errors from her earliest childhood had been such that they were not likely to weigh very heavily on her, even with her strong feelings on the subject.

We may remark, by the way, that what is not optional cannot be an alternative; but were we to pause to notice all the author's slips of this kind, the length of our review would bid fair to emulate his three volumes. The two passages last quoted will sufficiently display his notions of domestic ethics, which will probably be considered nearly on a par with his estimate of polite manners.

M. BARNI'S LECTURES ON NAPOLEON I.

WE recently noticed a course of lectures, delivered at Geneva in 1861 by M. Barni, on the Ideas of the Eighteenth Century in France. The present series was delivered at Geneva in 1863, and show the author in much the same light as his earlier volume did—as a man resolute in seeing only one side of a question, and altogether extravagant in his judgments, but always temperate and courteous in language, and sometimes even plausible. M. Barni always writes like an educated man, and is a great master of all the effects to be obtained by rather ostentatious candour in argument; but when he has made his point, he has a trick of pushing his advantage just too far. At the end of a chapter one is apt to feel that M. Barni is an ingenious advocate, but that it will not quite do; the pleading is too clever, and the conclusions are too strongly stated. When our attention was last engaged by the Geneva Professor's fearless eloquence, he was demonstrating how Montesquieu represented "reason tempered by a fine historic sense"; Voltaire, reason armed with wit; Rousseau, reason coloured by fancy; Turgot, reason illuminating the statesman; D'Alembert, reason applied to mathematics; and Diderot, reason inspired by passion. M. Barni's present enterprise is to show that the popular conception of the First Napoleon is one in which reason has been far less busy than imagination. Some one, it seems, has lately written a pamphlet with the title, "Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé," and, as far as the Napoleon of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* is concerned, M. Barni declares that this is literally true. Our author considers that from the fervid imagi-

nation of M. Thiers has sprung that portentous thing, "the Napoleonic legend," which goes about seeking what verities it may devour:—

Le monstre que j'ai voulu combattre, je veux dire la légende Napoléonienne, est toujours là devant nous, toujours dévorant la moralité historique (sans parler du reste); et la prétendue philosophie de l'histoire, qui consacre cette légende en érigeant les Césars en grands hommes providentiels et des mal-faiteurs publics en sauveurs des peuples, cette détestable philosophie de l'histoire est à l'heure qu'il est plus triomphante que jamais.

The phrase "hommes providentiels" immediately recalls, as it was evidently intended to do, the French Emperor's preface to the *Histoire de Jules César*, in which occurs the memorable passage:—

Ce qui précède montre assez le but que je me propose en écrivant cette histoire. Ce but est de prouver que, lorsque la Providence suscite des hommes tels que César, Charlemagne, Napoléon, c'est pour tracer aux peuples la voie qu'ils doivent suivre, marquer du sceau de leur génie une ère nouvelle, et accomplir en quelques années le travail de plusieurs siècles. Heureux les peuples qui les comprennent et les suivent! Malheur à ceux qui les méconnaissent et les combattent! Ils font comme les Juifs, ils crucifient leur Messie.

It is probably the fate of this theory always to appear more or less questionable to the contemporaries of the dictator who alleges it in support of his own mission; but, for the student of past history who can take a larger and calmer survey, it may really mean something, and certainly ought not to be scouted. According to M. Barni, when a Caesar or a Napoleon has committed crimes to secure his ends, it is the business of history to point out that he is a bad man, and then there is nothing more to be said. But surely it is plain that this bad man may have done difficult work which it was highly important that somebody should do; and so you may call him an *homme providentiel*, if you like the phrase, without necessarily corrupting the moral sense of your readers, or perverting the philosophy of history. M. Barni thus characterizes the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*:—

Ce qui domine en effet dans cet ouvrage c'est, malgré de tardives et insuffisantes restrictions, l'apothéose d'un homme que le vulgaire peut nommer un grand homme, mais que la morale appelle tout simplement un homme pervers; c'est l'apologie du despotisme; c'est le culte de la puissance militaire et de la conquête; c'est la religion du succès et de la force.

Now it is to combat this false hero-worship, and to try by the standard of morality actions which have been judged too much by the standard of success, that M. Barni addresses himself in these lectures. He commences by pointing out the difference between his own theory of history and that which he ascribes to M. Thiers. The latter, he says, represents the "fatalist school," who are content to unfold events in their necessary sequence, while they entirely refrain from pronouncing moral judgments on conduct. In the *avertissement* to the twelfth volume of the *Histoire du Consulat, &c.*, M. Thiers discusses what is the characteristic excellence of an historian, and comes to the conclusion that it is "intelligence." This is defined as including equitableness, "because nothing so calms the passions as a profound knowledge of mankind." So far so good, says M. Barni; the intelligent historian will no doubt be clement, and that is well; but will "intelligence" provide for that just severity which is also required in him? Surely something is needed besides "intelligence" to make a worthy historian; and what is that something? According to M. Thiers, it is "l'art de composer, de peindre, de ménager les couleurs, de distribuer la lumière"; according to M. Barni, it is "conscience morale, de l'amour de vertu, même opprimée, de l'horreur du crime, même triomphant"; in a word—

Ces haïnes vigoureuses
Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses.

The moral element, he says, is wanting in the books of M. Thiers, whose theory is, "l'histoire c'est le portrait," and by whom the judicial function of the historian is lost sight of. And here occurs an instance of the way in which M. Barni often damages his own case by pressing bad illustrations into its service. "L'intelligence complète des choses," says M. Thiers, "en fait sentir la beauté naturelle, et la fait aimer au point de n'y vouloir rien ajouter, rien retrancher, et de chercher exclusivement la perfection de l'art dans leur exacte reproduction." "What does M. Thiers mean," asks M. Barni, "by the 'natural beauty of facts'?" All the facts of history are not beautiful; on the contrary, history presents us with only too many facts which revolt the conscience. Now this is such childish cavilling that one can hardly help taking it to be wilful. By the "natural beauty" of the facts which the historian has to record, M. Thiers of course does not mean to say anything so absurd as that all actions are intrinsically beautiful in themselves. He means to say that there is an artistic beauty in severe historical fidelity, in the portrayal of things exactly as they happened, without reference to their moral aspect. The "natural beauty of facts" may be realized in the description of an atrocious murder, if the narrative is a conscientious reproduction of the facts. If M. Thiers, or any one else, could really act up to the maxim "l'histoire c'est le portrait," and so divest himself of prejudice as to paint without flattering or detracting, it seems to us that, whatever M. Barni may think, such a writer would have achieved a considerable moral triumph, and have done good service to the philosophy of history. Oddly enough, M. Barni tacitly credits M. Thiers with this wonderful achievement, and then reproaches him with the want of black and white in his colouring; the plain fact being that M. Thiers writes as a partisan on one side, and M. Barni as a partisan on the other.

* *Napoléon et son Historien M. Thiers.* Par Jules Barni. London: Williams & Norgate; and Dulau & Co. 1865.

Our difficulty in accepting M. Barni in the character of an impartial moralist increases with each chapter of his book. In reviewing Napoleon's career, the charges which M. Barni makes against him are always the old obvious charges, put in the old one-sided way, of which most Englishmen are sufficiently tired. Really, a gentleman who announces a new translation of the *Critique of Pure Reason* might have been expected to be a little more philosophical in his treatment of history, even when his subject is the Consulate or the Empire. It is curious, for instance, to see what M. Barni, after all his menaces of demolishing M. Thiers, has to say about the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Brumaire, 1799, by which the Directory was overthrown and the Consulate established. The point on which M. Barni insists is that the Government of the Directory, however defective, was constitutional, and that to overthrow it was therefore a parricidal act:—

Je ne me dissimule nullement ses fautes ou ses faiblesses, non plus que les défauts de la constitution alors en vigueur; mais, tel qu'il était, ce gouvernement était un gouvernement constitutionnel, sous la forme la plus régulière et la plus modérée qui eût encore été tentée du système républicain.

When M. Barni pronounces the Directory to be the best form of government which, so far, the Revolution had developed, the eulogy is so modest that it is scarcely worth disputing. But we maintain that, as regards any promise of stability, any prospect of a solid and permanent basis for government, the Directory, in 1799, was already an acknowledged and scandalous failure. Up to that time the subsiding waves of the Revolution had discovered no political *terra firma*, no broad and secure ground on which a people's settled life could recommence. The makeshifts for government which had successively been tried were merely the isolated and storm-beaten rocks to which shipwrecked men had clung as a temporary and precarious refuge. The Girondist Constitution of 1791, the Jacobin Constitution of 1793, and the Directorial system of 1795, were alike experimental. All three were fearfully and wonderfully made, like nothing in Plato or on the earth beneath; and in the very lineaments of these creatures of monstrous birth was written that presentiment of doom which sometimes on the faces of men is said to foreshadow a violent end. Even before Napoleon sailed for Egypt, it was plain, by many signs, that the days of the Directorial Government were numbered. One of two things only could have delayed the fate of a system so artificial and chimerical; perfect unanimity among the Directors themselves, combined with some degree of personal popularity, or credit reflected on the Government from successes abroad. Neither of these conditions was satisfied. The Directors were far from being at unity among themselves. Almost from the first there had been a majority and an opposition in the quinquévrate; and in 1799, of the five colleagues, Barras represented one political party, while Ducos and Sieyès represented another, and Gohier and Moulins a third. The Directors were also personally unpopular. The childish vanity of Barras had dictated the assumption of a semi-royal state, highly prejudicial in the popular opinion to "their five majesties of the Luxembourg." Imports, especially from Holland, had been loaded with duties which Frenchmen of all parties felt to be discreditable to France; and it was whispered that more than one Director, mindful of the rainy day when he must resign, unpensioned, his salary of 100,000 livres a-year, had improved the shining hour at the cost of the public exchequer. No rumour can make a Ministry so odious as the suspicion of office abused for self-enrichment. Nor was the brilliant success of the Italian campaign available as an off-set. The public gave the entire credit to Napoleon, and did not forget that some of his laurels had been won, not under the auspices of the Directors, but by disregarding their orders. In the march upon Venice he had been deaf to their pacific counsels, as by the Treaty of Campo Formio he had thwarted their desire for war. In the Italian victories the Directory had neither part nor lot; and it remained that, to the joy of the discordant factions unanimous in desiring its fall, it should perish by a double right—as a house founded upon the sand, and as a house divided against itself. To represent the 18th of Brumaire as a day on which a settled and hopeful order of things was cancelled in a moment by an impetuous adventurer, is simply to pervert history very absurdly. After four years of trial, the latest novelty in model constitutions had proved itself as curious and useless a toy as its predecessors. All men were agreed that it must be gathered to the lumber of 1791 and 1793; and when Napoleon struck, the blow crashed through a hollow framework in which no sustaining life had ever dwelt.

M. Barni has some remarks on a well-known incident connected with this affair, which seem curiously inconsistent with his lament over the "constitutional" government of the Directory. On the 10th of Brumaire Bonaparte was haranguing the Council of Ancients, specially convened in the Orangerie at St. Cloud, when Linglet, a democratic member, interrupted him:—"And what of the Constitution?" "The Constitution!" cried Bonaparte. "The Constitution of the Year Three exists no longer; you violated it on the 18th of Fructidor." "Il montre ici," says M. Barni, "une rare impudence; lui, qui avait conseillé ce coup d'état; et il feint d'ailleurs d'oublier la différence qui sépare le 18 fructidor du 18 brumaire,—le premier destiné à sauver la république réellement menacée par les partisans de l'ancien régime—le second n'ayant d'autre but que la domination d'un seul homme." This affair of the 18th Fructidor, it will be remembered, was a *coup d'état* by which the Directory arbitrarily arrested a number of their political opponents on the charge

of a Royalist conspiracy. Now, in the first place, we do not know why M. Barni should charge Bonaparte with instigating that measure. The Directors, with whom he was on cool terms at the time, had solicited his aid, and had extracted a lukewarm promise of support; but on further reflection, even this promise was withdrawn, and Barras sent his secretary to upbraid the General as a defaulter to the scheme. We do not know what authorities M. Barni may have for his words, "lui qui avait conseillé ce coup d'état"; but for a different version of the case we can refer him to Bourrienne's Memoirs, and to a passage in Napoleon's Memoirs, in which he speaks of the proceedings of the Directory on the 18th Fructidor in terms of disapproval which there is no reason to suppose insincere. In the next place, surely it is idle to pretend that the motive of the illegalities perpetrated on the 18th Fructidor was to avert danger threatened to the State by the Royalists. It had no doubt been proved that Pichegru, President of the Council of Five Hundred, was in correspondence with the Bourbons. But a leader of such known incapacity had notoriously few followers; and in a great majority of cases, the Royalist conspiracy was clearly a mere pretext for arresting men who had nothing in common but their dislike of the Directory. The *coup* succeeded; and the Government used their victory not with the calm, business-like firmness of men crushing a public danger, but with the vindictiveness of private resentment. A law, passed in the heat of animosity, sent upwards of 200 political prisoners to a slow death in the deserts of Guiana; though, indeed, the reported circumstances of their passage to that place must have made it highly consolatory to reflect that the voyage would not have to be performed again. On the whole, we confess ourselves inclined to doubt the "impudence" of Bonaparte's assertion that the Constitution of the Year Three—the Constitution under which these things had happened—was scarcely worth talking about.

The rhetorical inaccuracies which abound in M. Barni's book are best illustrated by taking some particular instance in detail; and our selection has not been invidious. M. Barni on the *coup d'état* of Brumaire is but the type of M. Barni on the Consulate, on the Imperial Régime, or on the Hundred Days. Instead of attending to his professed object—the examination of the "Napoleonic legend" by a stricter standard—and contenting himself with pointing out where M. Thiers seems to him to be the apologist of successful audacity, M. Barni is perpetually broaching rival paradoxes and making assertions as sweeping, and at least as available, as those which he quotes with indignation. Thus, in speaking of the Concordat with the Pope, arranged by the First Consul in September, 1801, M. Barni says that it encountered resistance "dans tous les corps de l'État, si dévoués pourtant et si serviles." This is of course as one-sided as the opposite statement of M. Thiers, that "ce jour-là la satisfaction était partout." The Concordat was a stumbling-block to the zealous Catholics, and foolishness to the Jacobins; but it was acceptable to the moderate party, who desired the restoration of public worship, and who were grateful to Cyrus even for the abated glories of a second Temple. It would be easy and curious to multiply instances of M. Barni's resolution to paint the conduct of Napoleon I., not black picked out with white, so generally acknowledged to be a neat and effective style, but one uniform dingy brown. Even the illustrious "clemency" of Julius Cæsar is given a drab tint for the occasion, because M. Barni feels compelled to admit—a very unnecessary admission, by the by—that it re-appears in Napoleon I.:—

J'accorde à M. Thiers que le sentiment qui aimait Napoléon n'était autre que la clémence du César: mais je ne vois pas ce qui distingue cette clémence du mépris des hommes, et ce qu'elle a de commun avec la vraie générosité.

The liberty granted to the press in March, 1815, clashes with M. Barni's theory that the Hundred Days were void of the slightest indication that Napoleon had come back wiser from Elba; and so a page or two is devoted to proving that "cette liberté entraînait dans sa politique du moment." A writer whose style is always in his favour, and who knows his case quite well enough to make the most of its strong points, ought to know better than to insist that it is flawless all round.

ROWING AND TRAINING.*

THIS little book is not to be recommended for general reading. We have no doubt that the University crews now practising for the contest at Putney are very pleasant men in private life, but we would venture the opinion that few people could bear their conversation at the present period for more than a very short time. Endless discussions about oars and rowlocks and stretchers, about the course to be steered at Putney, and the vagaries of the tide on those well-known reaches of the Thames—discussions as to the merits and antecedents of each member of the rival crew, and occasional historical dissertations upon the boat-races of the few past years—compose, we have little doubt, nine-tenths of all that these gentlemen have to say to each other. The approaching boat-race broods like a nightmare over their imaginations, and all other topics become temporarily distasteful. They suffer from a canine appetite for rowing talk, and turn with loathing from those insipid arguments about the Reform Bill or the fate of the Ministry which occupy the minds of that contemptible fragment of the human species who neither row, nor have rowed, nor are about to row. Such at least

* *Rowing and Training.* By Argonaut. London: Horace Cox. 1866.

is our conjecture as to the conversational tendencies of the University crews, founded on some experience of the inexhaustible stream of talk which oarsmen can pour out upon their favourite topic. And, on this hypothesis, we can recommend "Argonaut's" treatise to them for light reading. Not, indeed, that it treats so serious a subject at all in a spirit of levity; on the contrary, it is quite plain that the author is impressed with a due sense of the high importance of his task. He has observed with surprise the existence of a startling hiatus in literature, and with a becoming confidence he undertakes the task of filling it. "It would naturally be suspected," he says, "that everything pertaining to a sport of so much importance as boating, was regulated with the greatest precision and by clearly decreed laws." Even at the present time "there are very many points not only even vaguely defined (*sic*), but positively not defined at all," and, so to say, "the writers on the subject have been few and far between." The hour has at last come, and the man; as the Roman law waited for a Justinian to reduce it into a coherent shape, and as the animal kingdom was not properly classified until Cuvier, so rowing has waited to receive its code, and to be scientifically described and explained, until "Argonaut" arose in the *Field*. Or perhaps he might more accurately be compared to St. Dominic or St. Francis. The sect of rowing-men pursue their sport with a devotion approaching to that with which the monastic rule was observed by its earlier devotees. But in time the rule became relaxed; the monks declined from their zeal, and a new legislator had to arise and give a fresh impulse to the system. "Argonaut" has observed with pain the "prevalence of erroneous notions on the subject of training for boat-races, and the inferior quality of the rowing of the present day." He rises as a new reformer, exposes the laxity and errors which have gradually crept in, and gives a collection of precepts which, it is to be hoped, will restore to rowing something of its pristine excellence. On the whole, the rules he gives appear to be sensible enough, and they are endorsed by the great authority of Mr. Morrison, who is to rowing men what the Duke of Wellington was, in his later years, to the army. To him, more than to any other man, it is owing that Oxford started upon her present career of victory.

We need not inquire very closely into the practical directions given; we shall not ask whether his classification of "faults and errors" is strictly exhaustive and accurate. He has that strong confidence in the usefulness of his own directions which is calculated to give them due weight. "An oarsman's form," he says, "depends entirely upon the manner in which, and the person by whom, he has been originally instructed"; a proposition which we could dispute, if it were worth while. It is, however, just as well that an instructor should exaggerate the importance of his task, and fancy that he is actually forming the youth who is under his hands, when in reality he is merely keeping him out of some gross errors. Notwithstanding "Argonaut's" book, we still believe that rowing, like other athletic sports, is really to be acquired most effectually by imitation; and that the best of all ways of teaching a man to row is to give him a chance of rowing behind some good model, leaving him to evolve the formal rules for himself. Whatever can be done, however, by printed directions, "Argonaut" has done very fairly; and he points out sensibly what is no doubt one of the great difficulties in learning. Rowing has lately become much more of a fine art than it used to be. In the old days of broad-bottomed steady-going boats, with a gangway down the middle, of which specimens should have been preserved on the Isis and the Cam, as the ship in which Drake circumnavigated the world was preserved on the Thames, comparatively little skill was necessary. All that was necessary was to turn eight strong men into the boat, and let them tug at the oars with some attempt at keeping time. The present build of boats requires a far more delicate touch; there is as much difference between the art of rowing at the present day and thirty years ago as between shooting with a modern small-bore rifle and shooting with the old Brown Bess. A number of delicate adjustments have to be considered which were formerly quite unimportant. Unluckily, the construction of boats has been improved more rapidly than the education of oarsmen. It is too common to put a novice into a light boat before he understands the first principles of the art; he often acquires a great many faults which he finds it afterwards almost impossible to shake off; he has a cramped and awkward action, which proves that he has never learnt to feel himself thoroughly at home in his boat; and when he has learnt not to upset, he fancies, very erroneously, that he knows all that can be done with an outrigger. If the matter could be impartially investigated, it would probably turn out that the falling off of Cambridge prowess in late years is in some degree due to this circumstance. It seems that at Oxford rowing has been more systematically taught, in boats well adapted for the purpose; whereas Cambridge men have been allowed to pick up the art as they could, eight bad oarsmen being generally put confusedly into a boat in which they were quite unable to sit.

We are not, however, about to plunge into this vexed question, nor to discuss any particular problems on rowing. Everybody is pretty well agreed upon the principles. It is only when they are applied that they come to be perplexing; for which reason, demonstrations on paper that you ought to put your oar in square, and keep your back straight, not to finish the stroke with a jerk, and so on, may be very convincing, but are not very practically useful. A point upon which it is more possible to give oral instruction is the question of training. "Argonaut" approaches

the subject with due solemnity, and lays down the dietary and the time-table with the gravity of a wise physician. There is no subject upon which more curious superstitions were formerly, and still are to some extent, prevalent. Trainers of University men had got two or three rules into their heads which it was impossible to dislodge by any amount of reasoning. The art was summed up in the simple direction to get eight strong men and train them down till they were as weak as rats. The trainer lived in fear of a mysterious substance called the internal fat. His belief was that training meant nothing but a war of extirpation against this unfortunate fat. He made his pupils take a violent run before breakfast, and put them through various tasks designed to make them sweat freely. The more pounds of flesh he could get off their ribs the nearer he supposed them to be to the ideal state of training. Meanwhile he crammed them with food, which was every day the same, and restricted to one or two dishes. They took actual pride in devouring daily the greatest possible quantities of raw beefsteak and mutton chops. The drink was limited in an equally arbitrary manner. Every man was compelled to swallow neither more nor less than a pint of beer and two glasses of port wine. The system was perfectly inflexible, every man, whatever his constitutional peculiarities, being put through precisely the same course of eating and drinking and exercise. A strong man generally found it suit him tolerably well, but a great number broke down, and felt that they had done a patriotic action. It is most desirable that a little common sense should be let in upon the subject. A young man at the University requires a good deal more variety of meat and drink than a waterman, simply because he has been accustomed to it. And he is generally more inclined to overwork himself, from superfluous zeal, than to shirk his fair share of labour. All that is necessary is to enforce temperate and regular habits, with as little deviation as possible from the regular mode of life. There has been, of late years, a considerable improvement in the system of training the University crews, and fewer men have broken down in practice than formerly; but, to judge from "Argonaut's" remarks, they are still beset by a good many prejudices, which should be upset as soon as possible. One observation which he makes strikes us as being a very sensible one—that there should be a certain amount of medical superintendence, especially to prevent men whose constitutions are not fitted for the strain from undertaking the task of training. Rowing in a University race involves a very considerable effort, and we hope it may never be less popular on that account; but some of the danger attending it would be removed if the men were not left entirely to the judgment of a trainer, who is generally in profound ignorance of the simplest medical principles.

"Argonaut" gives one other piece of advice in regard to training which proves the importance of the pursuit. "As little mental and sedentary work as possible," he says, "should be undertaken." The most exciting occupations which he allows are looking on at cricket and playing an occasional game at billiards. Now the preparatory stage of training for which this direction is given lasts some three or four weeks, and the more active training which succeeds to it for four or five weeks. Thus a man who rows in a University race gives up some eight weeks to complete mental vacuity; he considers all intellectual effort during that time as absolutely prejudicial. If he rows, as he generally does, during the other terms, we may calculate that a good half of the University course is entirely devoted to steady meditation upon rowing, besides a very large fraction of the remainder. Which proves that, whatever faults may be found on other grounds with the Universities, they are excellent schools for athletic eminence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. LOUIS BLANC complains that he has been misrepresented by M. MORTIMER-TERNAUX with regard to a point mentioned in our last week's review of "*French Literature*." M. MORTIMER-TERNAUX leads his readers to infer that M. LOUIS BLANC, in his "*History of the French Revolution*," indorses the accusation brought against Louis XVI. of having attempted to procure the death of the locksmith Gamain by poison, in order that the secret of the iron safe in the Tuileries might not be betrayed to the Republican leaders. But this is not the fact. On the contrary, M. LOUIS BLANC had expressly negatived the accusation in question. The passage in his *History* referring to this subject (vol. vi. p. 400) is as follows:—

De deux choses l'une: ou Gamain avait odieusement calomnié le roi dans la pétition que le 8 Floréal an 2 il présenta à la Convention Nationale, ou il calomniait odieusement la reine dans le récit verbal qui vient d'être transcrit. Par qui le verre de vin lui fut-il offert, s'il est vrai qu'on lui ait offert quoi que ce soit? Par Louis XVI? Par Marie Antoinette? Impossible de concevoir que, sur un fait de ce genre, il soit resté la moindre incertitude dans ses souvenirs. Il y a donc ici une contradiction qui, à elle seule, suffirait pour démentir le témoignage de Gamain, s'il n'était combattu de reste et anéanti par une démonstration morale presque plus décisive que toute preuve matérielle! Qui, de nos jours, pourrait s'arrêter une seconde à l'idée que soit Louis XVI, soit Marie Antoinette, aient été capables d'un tel attentat?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Herr JOACHIM'S LAST APPEARANCE but FOUR, at the Monday Popular Concert, on Monday Evening next, March 12. The Programme will include Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, for Piano and Violin; Madame Arabella Goldard and Herr Joachim, Vocalist, Mr. Ratsey, Conductor. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly; and at Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—The Director begs to announce that the last TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES will take place as follows, viz.:

Saturday, March 17; Sunday, March 18.

To commence each Afternoon at Three o'clock. Pianoforte, Mr. Chas. Hallé; Violin, Herr Joachim; Second Violin, Herr L. Ries; Viola, Mr. Henry Biagrove and Mr. W. Hann; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. The Programme of Saturday next, March 17, will include Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Executants, M.M. Charles Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti. Vocalist, Mr. Ratsey. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Austin's, 25 Piccadilly; and at Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in A PECULIAR FAMILY, with the New Domestic Scene entitled THE WEDDING BREAKFAST at MRS. ROSELEAF'S, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Mornings, at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

STODARE.—Three Hundred and Sixty-fifth Representation.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall.—MARVELS IN MAGIC AND YENTRAQUISM, as performed by command, by Col. Stodare, before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, at Windsor, Tuesday Evening, November 21, 1865. The marvellous SPHINX, the Birth of Flower-trees, and Stodare's celebrated Indian Basket Feat, as only performed by him. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday at Seven. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-offices, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s. and 3s.; Stalls, 5s.

"Almost miraculous."—Vide Times, April 18, 1865.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 17.
SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES BY THE MEMBERS IS NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.
WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS. Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily, from Ten till Six. On dark days, and at dusk, the Gallery is lighted by Gas.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.
WALTER SEVERN, Hon. Secs.
GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Secs.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION at SOUTH KENSINGTON will be opened to the Public in April 1866. Admission, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, One Shilling each person. On Tuesdays, 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, available also for the Private View, 20s. each, may be obtained at the South Kensington Museum, and at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize, and in addition receives a Volume of Forty-two Illustrations of the "Story of the Norman Conquest," from the Original Drawings by Daniel MacIac, E.A. The Volume is now ready for delivery.
GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Secs.
LEWIS POCOCK, Hon. Secs.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.

NOTICE.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place, at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of March next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be Evening Meetings on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting. Naval Architects, Shipbuilders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested immediately to send in their Papers, with illustrative Drawings, to the Secretary.

Candidates for Admission as Members or as Associates must also send in their Applications immediately. The Annual Subscription of £3 2s. is payable on Admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

* A Volume VI. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and in course of delivery to the Members and Associates.
7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. CHARLES CAMPBELL, Assistant-Secretary.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, March, 1866.—There will be an ELECTION, in June next, to TWO SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, each tenable as long as the holder shall continue to be a member of Marlborough College. Competition for these Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age, on the 1st of January, 1866, was under Fifteen. Their annual value will be £50 each, and, in the case of a successful Candidate not being a Member of the College, a free nomination worth £20 will be given. The total expense of Board, Lodging, Medical Attendance, &c., to the holder of these Scholarships, will be to Sons of Clergymen, under £5 per annum; to Sons of Laymen, about £50 per annum.

At the same time, there will be an Election to Four Junior Scholarships, tenable for Two Years, or till Election to a Senior Scholarship, each of the Annual Value of £20, together with Free Nomination as above. Competition for the Junior Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age on the 1st of January, 1866, was under Fourteen.

Further particulars will be supplied on application to Mr. W. P. SELLICE, the College, Marlborough.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, Reading.—Bradfield is Three Miles from Theale, Four Miles from Pangbourne Stations of the Great Western Railway, and Eight Miles from Reading, its Post-town. As there are six other places of the same Name, and Nine Villages called "Bradley," many mistakes are liable to arise. Inconvenience, have arisen lately from misapprehension as to the identity and neighbourhood of this School.—All Letters, &c., for St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, should be directed to BRADFELD, READING.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds., conducted by Dr. LOVELL.—PUPILS are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities. French and German are taught by Resident Masters. The Premises, built specially for the School, are very extensive and commodious, and the Village is remarkable for salubrity of Climate; it lies about a Mile from Woburn Sands Station.—All further particulars can be had from the PRINCIPAL.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—Special Preparation.—There will shortly be TWO NON-RESIDENT VACANCIES in a small Class, the Members of which are prepared exclusively for the Open Competitions and "Further" Examinations. Each Candidate is assisted daily by a Staff of experienced I.C.S. Tutors.—GRANT, 11 Pall Mall, S.W.

NAVAL CADETS, &c.—EASTMAN'S R.N. ESTABLISHMENT, Southsea.—At the last Naval Cadet Examination, One-Third (less one) of the Whole Number of Successful Candidates PASSED from the above. At Three of the last Four Naval Cadet Examinations Pupils took 1st places.—Address Dr. SPICKERELL, as above.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Wednesday, the 25th of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:—

Examinerships.	Salaries.	Present Examiners.
ARTS AND SCIENCES.	(Each.)	
Two in Classics	£200	(Rev. Charles Badham, D.D., Dr. William Smith.)
Two in The English Language, Literature, and History	£120	(Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D., Chr. Knight Wilson, Esq., M.A., Rev. P. H. Ernest Brette, B.D., Theodore Karcher, Esq., LL.B., Prof. Buchheim, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S., Prof. Kinkel, Ph.D.)
Two in The French Language	£50	
Two in The German Language	£50	
Two in The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History	£50	(Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D., William Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., Prof. Bain, M.A., Edward Foss, Esq., M.A., William B. Hodgson, Esq., LL.D., Prof. Waley, M.A., Edward John Routh, Esq., M.A., Isaac Todhunter, Esq., M.A., Balfour Stewart, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., Prof. Stokes, M.A., D.C.L., Sec. Ed., Henry Deane, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S., Prof. Williamson, Ph.D., F.R.S., Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., Fred. J. Farrow, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., Archibald Geikie, Esq., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Prof. T. Rupert Jones, F.G.S.)
Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy	£80	
Two in Political Economy	£50	
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy	£200	
Two in Experimental Philosophy	£120	
Two in Chemistry	£175	
Two in Botany and Vegetable Physiology	£75	
Two in Geology and Palaeontology	£75	

LAW.
Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation £50 | (Prof. Mountague Bernard, B.C.L., M.A., John Richard Quain, Esq., LL.B.) |

MEDICINE.
Two in Medicine £150 | (Prof. E. A. Parkes, M.D., F.R.S., Samuel Wilks, Esq., M.D., Prof. J. Eric Erichsen, M.D., Prof. G. Viner Ellis, M.D., Vacant, Edward Fox, Ph.D., F.R.S., W. S. Savory, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., John Braxton Hicks, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., Prof. Priestley, M.D., Prof. J. Farrer, Esq., M.D., Samuel Osborne Habershon, Esq., M.D., Prof. Wm. A. Guy, M.D., William Odling, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.) |

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 27. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

Burlington House, W. By Order of the Senate,
March 6, 1866. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, and CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—The Rev. VERNON EDLIN, B.A. Trin. Coll. Camb., and late Master in the College, Cheltenham, assisted by First-Class Masters, PREPARES for the above. Pupils have passed high in late Examination.—Burlington House, Burlington Road, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the UNIFORMS, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Chris. College, Cambridge, and late Professor of Classics and Mathematics in the R. M. College at Addiscombe, PREPARES EIGHT PUPILS for the above.—Address, The Lines, Crofton, S.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—Mr. WREN, M.A., Cambridge, assisted by a High Wrangler, a High Cambridge Classic (late Fellow of his College), and the best Masters obtainable for all the other Subjects allowed to be taken up, receives NON-RESIDENT PUPILS. Moderate Terms.—References to Parents of Successful Pupils.—Wiltshire House, 3 John Road, Brighton.

THE ARMY, the NAVY, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—Mr. JAMES CHRISTIE, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., PREPARES CANDIDATES.—Address, 9 Arundel Gardens, Notting Hill.

THE Rev. JOHN HENN, B.A., F.R.G.S., &c., has a few Vacancies for BOARDERS.—Address, Manchester Commercial Schools, Streteford Road, Manchester.

PRIVATE TUITION.—A CLERGYMAN, late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Wrangler in 1851, who resides in a very healthy locality in the neighbourhood of London, receives a Limited Number of PUPILS, whom, with the assistance of an experienced Classical Master, he prepares for the Public Schools, the Military Colleges, and the Universities.—For Terms and References, address Rev. A. E. C. the Union, Oxford.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASSES in English, French, and Latin, for YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—5 Hans Place, Sloane Street.

LAW.—Preliminary Examinations for Admission to the Inns of Court, for Articled Clerks, &c.—A CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE in Honours, experienced in Tuition, will prepare GENTLEMEN for the above.—Address, M.A., 7 Canine Terrace, Kensington.

SUPERIOR GOVERNESS.—A LADY of considerable Experience wishes for a Re-engagement as GOVERNESS and COMPANION in Gentlemen's Families, where her social qualities as a Gentlewoman would be equally appreciated with her talents and accomplishments. One or Two Pupils preferred, requiring good Music, fluent French and German, and the usual branches of an advanced English Education. Unexceptional references to distinguished Families. Salary liberal.—Address, A. B., care of Messrs. Hatchard & Co., 187 Piccadilly, W.

A GENTLEMAN of High Connections, and at present on the Staff of a Metropolitan Weekly Paper, wishes to WRITE a Political Article, or a Parliamentary Paper, or a Review of the News, for a FREE CLASS PROVINCIAL PAPER. Politics, Liberal on Financial and Religious Questions. Conservative otherwise. The highest references given.—Address, A. B., care of Messrs. Dalton & Lucy, in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

FAC-SIMILES.—An experienced FAC-SIMILIST would be happy to undertake the exact Reproduction, in Lithography or otherwise, of Printed BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, MANUSCRIPTS, or DRAWINGS.—Address, F. S., care of Messrs. Brodie & Middleton, Artists' Colourmen, 79 Long Acre, W.C.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, Hoxton.—The BISHOP of LONDON has fixed Monday, May 7, for the CONSECRATION of this BUILDING, which will then become the Parish Church, wholly Free for about 8,000 Souls, of the Labouring, Artisan, and Workhouse Classes. Donations are earnestly requested to meet about £200 still due. They may be paid at the Bank of London, Threadneedle Street, to the Joint Account of the Right Honourable G. J. Goschen, M.P., P. Casanove, Esq., and Rev. J. T. Jeffries, M.A.; or to the Incumbent, 5 De Beauvoir Place, N.

RANDOLPH HOTEL, Oxford.—This Hotel, recently erected, is now OPEN to the Public. Suites of Apartments can be engaged by applying to the Manager.
JOHN B. SPEARING, Secretary to the Company.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, Malvern.—This Hydro-pathic Establishment, lately erected by Dr. STUMMES expressly for INFANTS, is situated at the south-end of the Town of Malvern, on the slopes of the Malvern Hills. It is surrounded by extensive Pleasure-Grounds, and abundantly supplied with the purest Water. Vapour and various other Baths, a Gymnasium, and a spacious Billiard Room attached to the House.—Apply for Prospectus and Terms to Dr. STUMMES, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P., &c., Malvern.

BEN-RHYDDING HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, celebrated as a Resort for the INVALID and VISITOR.—The Improvements at Ben-Rhydding at the present time, by the Agency of Mr. J. M. Sturges, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., &c., Secy. to the Hon. M.R.C.S.E. For detailed Prospectuses, address the HOUSE STURGES, Ben-Rhydding, by Leeds. Also see Tomlinson's Illustrated Hand Guide Book to Ben-Rhydding, Bolton Abbey, and the Neighbourhood, 1s.; by post, 1s. 6d. Published by R. HANWORTH, Piccadilly, London.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D., Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. The Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.